POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE FIRST HYMN OF *CALLIMACHUS.* TO *JUPITER.*

WHILE we to Jove ſelect the holy Victim;
Whom apter ſhall we ſing, than Jove himſelf,
The God for ever Great, for ever King;
Who ſlew the Earth-born Race, and meaſures Right
To Heav'n's great Habitants? DICTÆAN hear'ſt Thou

More joyful, or LYCÆAN, long Diſpute
And various Thought has trac'd. On IDA's Mount,
Or DICTE, ſtudious of his Country's Praiſe,
The CRETAN boaſts Thy Natal Place: but oft
He meets Reproof deſerv'd: for He preſumptuous
Has built a Tomb for Thee, who never know'ſt
To die, but liv'ſt the ſame To-day and Ever.
ARCADIAN therefore by Thy Birth: Great RHEA
Pregnant to high PARRHASIA's Cliffs retir'd,
And wild LYCÆUS, black with ſhading Pines:
Holy Retreat! Sithence no Female hither,
Conſcious of Social Love and Nature's Rites,
Muſt dare approach, from the inferior Reptile
To Woman, Form Divine. There the bleſt Parent
Ungirt her ſpacious Boſom, and diſcharg'd
The pond'rous Birth: She ſought a neighb'ring Spring,
To waſh the recent Babe: In vain: ARCADIA,
(However ſtreamy now) aduſt and dry,
Deny'd the Goddeſs Water: where deep MELAS,
And rocky CRATIS flow, the Chariot ſmoak'
Obſcure with riſing Duſt: the thirſty Trav'ler
In vain requir'd the Current, then impriſon'd
In ſubterranean Caverns: Foreſts grew
Upon the barren Hollows, high o'erſhading
The Haunts of Savage Beaſts, where now IAON,
And ERIMANTH incline their friendly Urns.
Thou too, O Earth, great RHEA ſaid, bring forth;
And ſhort ſhall be thy Pangs: She ſaid; and high

She

She rear'd her Arm, and with her Sceptre ſtruck
The yawning Cliff: from it's diſparted Height
Adown the Mount the guſhing Torrent ran,
And chear'd the Vallies: There the Heav'nly Mother
Bath'd, mighty King, Thy tender Limbs: She wrapt them
In purple Bands: She gave the precious Pledge
To prudent NEDA, charging her to guard Thee,
Careful and ſecret: NEDA, of the Nymphs
That tended the great Birth, next PHILYRE
And STYX, the eldeſt. Smiling She receiv'd Thee,
And conſcious of the Grace, abſolv'd her Truſt:
Not unrewarded; ſince the River bore
The Fav'rite Virgin's Name: fair NEDA rowls
By LEPRION's ancient Walls, a fruitful Stream.
Faſt by her flow'ry Bank the Sons of ARCAS,
Fav'rites of Heav'n, with happy Care protect
Their fleecy Charge; and joyous drink her Wave.
Thee, God, to CNOSSUS NEDA brought: the Nymphs
And CORYBANTES Thee their ſacred Charge
Receiv'd: ADRASTE rock'd Thy golden Cradle:
The Goat, now bright amidſt her fellow-Stars,
Kind AMALTHEA, reach'd her Tett diſtent
With Milk, Thy early Food: the ſedulous Bee
Diſtill'd her Honey on Thy purple Lips.
Around, the fierce CURETES (Order ſolemn
To thy foreknowing Mother!) trod tumultuous
Their Myſtic Dance, and clang'd their ſounding Arms;
Induſtrious with the warlike Din to quell

Thy Infant-Cries, and mock the Ear of SATURN.
Swift Growth and wond'rous Grace, O heav'nly JOVE,
Waited Thy blooming Years: Inventive Wit,
And perfect Judgment crown'd Thy youthful Act.
That SATURN's Sons receiv'd the three-fold Empire
Of Heav'n, of Ocean, and deep Hell beneath,
As the dark Urn and Chance of Lot determin'd,
Old Poets mention, fabling. Things of Moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring Value
By Lot are parted: But high Heav'n, Thy Share,
In equal Balance laid 'gainſt Sea or Hell,
Flings up the adverſe Scale, and ſhuns Proportion.
Wherefore not Chance, but Pow'r, above Thy Brethren
Exalted Thee, their King. When Thy great Will
Commands Thy Chariot forth; impetuous Strength,
And fiery Swiftneſs wing the rapid Wheels,
Inceſſant; high the Eagle flies before Thee.
And oh! as I and mine conſult Thy Augur,
Grant the glad Omen; let Thy Fav'rite riſe
Propitious, ever ſoaring from the Right.
Thou to the leſſer Gods haſt well aſſign'd
Their proper Shares of Pow'r; Thy own, great JOVE,
Boundleſs and univerſal. Thoſe who labor
The ſweaty Forge, who edge the crooked Scythe,
Bend ſtubborn Steel, and harden gleening Armor,
Acknowledge VULCAN's Aid. The early Hunter
Bleſſes DIANA's Hand, who leads Him ſafe
O'er hanging Cliffs; who ſpreads his Net ſucceſsful,

And

And guides the Arrow through the Panther's Heart.
The Soldier from ſucceſsful Camps returning,
With Laurel wreath'd, and rich with hoſtile Spoil,
Severs the Bull to MARS. The skilful Bard,
Striking the THRACIAN Harp, invokes APOLLO,
To make his Hero and Himſelf Immortal.
Thoſe, mighty JOVE, mean time, Thy glorious Care,
Who model Nations, publiſh Laws, anounce
Or Life or Death, and found or change the Empire.
Man owns the Pow'r of Kings; and Kings of JOVE.
And as their Actions tend ſubordinate
To what Thy Will deſigns, Thou giv'ſt the Means
Proportion'd to the Work; Thou ſee'ſt impartial,
How They thoſe Means imploy. Each Monarch rules
His different Realm, accountable to Thee,
Great Ruler of the World: Theſe only have
To ſpeak and be obey'd; to Thoſe are giv'n
Aſſiſtant Days to ripen the Deſign;
To ſome whole Months; revolving Years to ſome:
Others, ill fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious Life, and mourn their Purpoſe blaſted
With fruitleſs Act, and Impotence of Council.
Hail! greateſt Son of SATURN, wiſe Diſpoſer
Of ev'ry Good: Thy Praiſe what Man yet born
Has ſung? or who that may be born ſhall ſing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our Prayer,
Great Father! grant us Virtue, grant us Wealth:
For without Virtue, Wealth to Man avails not;

And Virtue without Wealth exerts leſs Pow'r,
And leſs diffuſes Good. Then grant us, Gracious,
Virtue and Wealth; for both are of Thy Gift.

THE SECOND HYMN OF *CALLIMACHUS.* TO *APOLLO.*

HAH! how the Laurel, great APOLLO's Tree,
And all the Cavern ſhakes! far off, far off,
The Man that is unhallow'd: For the God,
The God approaches. Hark! He knocks: the Gates
Feel the glad Impulſe: and the ſever'd Bars
Submiſſive cliſik againſt their brazen Portals.
Why do the DELIAN Palms incline their Boughs,
Self-mov'd: and hov'ring Swans, their Throats releas'd
From native Silence, carol Sounds harmonious?

Be-

Begin, young Men, the Hymn: let all your Harps
Break their inglorious Silence; and the Dance,
In myſtic Numbers trod, explain the Muſic.
But firſt by ardent Pray'r, and clear Luſtration
Purge the contagious Spots of Human Weakneſs:
Impure no Mortal can behold APOLLO.
So may Ye flouriſh, favor'd by the God,
In Youth with happy Nuptials, and in Age
With ſilver Hairs, and fair Deſcent of Children;
So lay Foundations for aſpiring Cities,
And bleſs your ſpreading Colonies Encreaſe.
Pay ſacred Rev'rence to APOLLO's Song;
Leſt wrathful the far-ſhooting God emitt
His fatal Arrows. Silent Nature ſtands;
And Seas ſubſide, obedient to the Sound
Of Io, Io PEAN! nor dares THETIS
Longer bewail Her lov'd ACHILLES' Death:
For PHOEBUS was his Foe. Nor muſt ſad NIOBE
In fruitleſs Sorrow perſevere, or weep
Ev'n thro' the PHRYGIAN Marble. Hapleſs Mother!
Whoſe Fondneſs cou'd compare her Mortal Off-ſpring
To thoſe which fair LATONA bore to JOVE.
Io! again repeat Ye, Io PEAN!
Againſt the Deity 'tis hard to ſtrive.
He that reſiſts the Power of PTOLEMY,
Reſiſts the Pow'r of Heav'n: for Pow'r from Heav'n
Derives; and Monarchs rule by Gods appointed.

Recite APOLLO's Praiſe, 'till Night draws on,
The Ditty ſtill unfiniſh'd; and the Day
Unequal to the Godhead's Attributes
Various, and Matter copious of your Songs.
Sublime at JOVE's right Hand APOLLO ſits,
And thence diſtributes Honor, gracious King,
And Theme of Verſe perpetual. From his Robe
Flows Light ineffable: his Harp, his Quiver,
And LICTIAN Bow are Gold: with golden Sandals
His Feet are ſhod; how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his Steps the yellow Min'ral riſes;
And Earth reveals her Treaſures. Youth and Beauty
Eternal deck his Cheek: from his fair Head
Perfumes diſtill their Sweets; and chearful HEALTH,
His dutious Handmaid, thro' the Air improv'd,
With laviſh Hand diffuſes Scents Ambroſial.
The Spear-man's Arm by Thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain Wound. The Laurel'd Bard,
Inſpir'd by Thee, compoſes Verſe Immortal.
Taught by thy Art Divine, the ſage Phyſician
Eludes the Urn; and chains, or exiles Death.
Thee NOMIAN We adore; for that from Heav'n
Deſcending, Thou on fair AMPHRYSUS' Banks
Did'ſt guard ADMETUS' Herds. Sithence the Cow
Produc'd an ampler Store of Milk; the She-Goat
Not without Pain dragg'd her diſtended Udder;
And Ewes, that erſt brought forth but ſingle Lambs,

Now

Now drop'd their Two-fold Burdens. Bleſt the Cattle,
On which APOLLO caſt his fav'ring Eye!
But, PHOEBUS, Thou to Man beneficent,
Delight'ſt in building Cities. Bright DIANA,
Kind Siſter to thy infant-Deity
New-wean'd, and juſt ariſing from the Cradle,
Brought hunted wild Goats-Heads, and branching Antlers.
Of Stags, The Fruit and Honor of her Toil.
Theſe with diſcerning Hand Thou knew'ſt to range,
(Young as Thou waſt) and in the well-fram'd Models,
With Emblematic Skill, and myſtic Order,
Thou ſhew'dſt, where Towers or Battlements ſhould riſe;
Where Gates ſhould open; or where Walls ſhould compaſs:
While from thy childiſh Paſtime Man receiv'd
The future Strength, and Ornament of Nations.
BATTUS, our great Progenitor, now touch'd
The LYBIAN Strand; when the foreboding Crow
Flew on the Right before the People, marking
The Country deſtin'd the auſpicious Seat
Of future Kings, and Favour of the God,
Whoſe Oath is ſure, and Promiſe ſtands Eternal.
Or BOEDROMIAN hear'ſt Thou pleas'd, or CLARIAN,
PHOEBUS, great King? for diff'rent are Thy Names,
As Thy kind Hand has founded many Cities,
Or dealt benign Thy various Gifts to Man.
CARNEAN let Me call Thee; for my Country
Calls Thee CARNEAN: the fair Colony
Thrice by Thy gracious Guidance was tranſported,

E'er

E'er ſettl'd in CYRENE; there W' appointed
Thy annual Feaſts, kind God, and bleſs thy Altars
Smoaking with Hecatombs of ſlaughter'd Bulls;
As CARNUS, thy High-Prieſt and favor'd Friend,
Had er'ſt ordain'd; and with myſterious Rites,
Our great Forefathers taught their Sons to worſhip.
IO CARNEAN PHOEBUS! IO PEAN!
The yellow *Crocus* there, and fair *Narciſſus*
Reſerve the Honors of their Winter-Store,
To deck Thy Temple; 'till returning Spring
Diffuſes Nature's various Pride; and Flow'rs
Innumerable, by the ſoft South-weſt
Open'd, and gather'd by Religious Hands,
Rebound their Sweets from th' odorif'rous Pavement.
Perpetual Fires ſhine hallow'd on Thy Altars.
When Annual the CARNEAN Feaſt is held;
The warlike LIBYANS clad in Armor, lead
The Dance; with clanging Swords and Shields They beat
The dreadful Meaſure: in the Chorus join
Their Women, Brown but Beautiful: ſuch Rites
To Thee well-pleaſing. Nor had yet Thy Votaries,
From GREECE tranſplanted, touch'd CYRENE's Banks,
And Lands determin'd for their laſt Abodes;
But wander'd thro' AZILIS' horrid Forreſt
Diſpers'd; when from MYRTUSA's craggy Brow,
Fond of the Maid, auſpicious to the City,
Which muſt hereafter bear her favor'd Name,
Thou Gracious deign'ſt to let the Fair One view

Her

Her *Typic* People; Thou with Pleaſure taught'ſt Her
To draw the Bow, to ſlay the ſhaggy Lyon,
And ſtop the ſpreading Ruin of the Plains.
Happy the Nymph, who honour'd by Thy Paſſion,
Was aided by thy Pow'r! The monſtrous PYTHON
Durſt tempt Thy Wrath in vain: for dead He fell,
To thy great Strength, and golden Arms unequal.
IO! while Thy unerring Hand elanc'd
Another, and another Dart; The People
Joyful repeated, IO! IO PEAN!
Elance the Dart, APOLLO: for the Safety,
And Health of Man, gracious Thy Mother bore Thee.
ENVY Thy lateſt Foe ſuggeſted thus:
Like Thee I am a Pow'r Immortal; therefore
To Thee dare ſpeak. How can'ſt Thou favor partial
Thoſe Poets who write little? Vaſt and Great
Is what I Love: The far extended Ocean
To a ſmall Riv'let I prefer. APOLLO
Spurn'd ENVY with His Foot; and thus the God:
DÆMON, the head-long Current of EUPHRATES,
ASSYRIAN River, copious runs, but Muddy;
And carries forward with his ſtupid Force
Polluting Dirt; His Torrent ſtill augmenting,
His Wave ſtill more defil'd: mean while the Nymphs
MELISSAN, Sacred and Recluſe to CERES,
Studious to have their Off'rings well receiv'd,
And fit for Heav'nly Uſe, from little Urns
Pour Streams ſelect, and Purity of Waters.

IO!

Io! APOLLO, mighty King, let ENVY
Ill-judging and Verboſe, from LETHE's Lake
Draw Tuns unmeaſurable; while Thy Favor
Adminiſters to my ambitious Thirſt
The wholeſome Draught from AGANIPPE's Spring
Genuine, and with ſoft Murmurs gently rilling
Adown the Mountains, where Thy Daughters haunt.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE *Thirteenth* CHAPTER *of the Firſt* EPISTLE *to the CORINTHIANS.*

DID ſweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue,
Than ever Man pronounc'd, or Angel ſung:
Had I all Knowledge, Human and Divine,
That Thought can reach, or Science can define;
And had I Pow'r to give that Knowledge Birth,
In all the Speeches of the babling Earth:

Did

Did SHADRACH's Zeal my glowing Breaſt inſpire,
To weary Tortures, and rejoice in Fire:
Or had I Faith like That which ISRAEL ſaw,
When MOSES gave them Miracles, and Law:
Yet, gracious CHARITY, indulgent Gueſt,
Were not Thy Pow'r exerted in my Breaſt;
Thoſe Speeches would ſend up unheeded Pray'r:
That Scorn of Life would be but wild Deſpair:
A Tymbal's Sound were better than my Voice:
My Faith were Form: my Eloquence were Noiſe.

CHARITY, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject Mind;
Knows with juſt Reins, and gentle Hand to guide,
Betwixt vile Shame, and arbitrary Pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, She eaſily forgives;
And much She ſuffers, as She much believes.
Soft Peace She brings where-ever She arrives:
She builds our Quiet, as She forms our Lives;
Lays the rough Paths of peeviſh Nature ev'n;
And opens in each Heart a little HEAV'N.

Each other Gift, which GOD on Man beſtows,
It's proper Bounds, and due Reflection knows;
To one fixt Purpoſe dedicates it's Pow'r;
And finiſhing it's Act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in Obedience to what HEAV'N decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and Prophecy ſhall ceaſe:
But laſting CHARITY's more ample Sway,
Nor bound by Time, nor ſubject to Decay,

In happy Triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs Good diffuſe, and endleſs Praiſe receive.
As thro' the Artiſt's intervening Glaſs,
Our Eye obſerves the diſtant Planets paſs;
A little we diſcover; but allow,
That more remains unſeen, than Art can ſhow:
So whilſt our Mind it's Knowledge wou'd improve
(It's feeble Eye intent on Things above)
High as We may, We lift our Reaſon up,
By FAITH directed, and confirm'd by HOPE:
Yet are We able only to ſurvey
Dawnings of Beams, and Promiſes of Day.
HEAV'N's fuller Effluence mocks our dazl'd Sight;
Too great it's Swiftneſs, and too ſtrong it's Light.
But ſoon the mediate Clouds ſhall be diſpell'd:
The Sun ſhall ſoon be Face to Face beheld,
In all His Robes, with all His Glory on,
Seated ſublime on His Meridian Throne.
Then conſtant FAITH, and holy HOPE ſhall dye,
One loſt in Certainty, and One in Joy:
Whilſt Thou, more happy Pow'r, fair CHARITY,
Triumphant Siſter, greateſt of the Three,
Thy Office, and Thy Nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy Lamp, and unconſum'd thy Flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive———
Shalt ſtand before the Hoſt of HEAV'N confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

Engraven on a COLUMN IN THE *Church of* Halſtead *in* Eſſex,

The Spire of which, burnt down by Lightning, was rebuilt at the Expenſe of Mr. SAMUEL FISKE, 1717.

VIEW not this Spire by Meaſure giv'n
To Buildings rais'd by common Hands:
That Fabric riſes high as Heav'n,
Whoſe *Baſis* on Devotion ſtands.

While yet We draw this vital Breath,
We can our FAITH and HOPE declare:
But CHARITY beyond our Death
Will ever in our Works appear.

Beſt be He call'd among good Men,
Who to his GOD this Column rais'd:
Tho' Lightning ſtrike the Dome again;
The Man, who built it, ſhall be prais'd.

Yet

Yet Spires and Towers in Duſt ſhall lye,
The weak Efforts of Human Pains:
And FAITH, and HOPE themſelves ſhall dye;
While Deathleſs CHARITY remains.

Written in MONTAIGNE's *Eſſays, Given to the Duke of* SHREWSBURY *in* France, *after the Peace*, 1713.

DICTATE. O mighty Judge, what Thou haſt ſeen
Of Cities, and of Courts, of Books, and Men;
And deign to let Thy Servant hold the Pen.

Thro' Ages thus I may preſume to live;
And from the Tranſcript of Thy Proſe receive,
What my own ſhort-liv'd Verſe can never give.

Thus ſhall fair BRITAIN with a gracious Smile
Accept the Work; and the inſtructed Iſle,—
For more than Treaties made, ſhall bleſs my Toil.

Nor longer hence the GALLIC Style preferr'd,
Wiſdom in ENGLISH *Idiom* ſhall be heard;
While TALBOT tells the World, where MONTAIGNE err'd.

An

An EPISTLE,

Deſiring the QUEEN's *Picture.*

Written at PARIS, 1714. *But left unfiniſhed, by the ſudden News of Her* MAJESTY's *Death.*

THE Train of Equipage and Pomp of State,
The ſhining Side-board, and the burniſh'd Plate
Let other Miniſters, Great ANNE, require;
And partial fall Thy Gift to their Deſire.
To the fair Portrait of my Sov'reign Dame,
To That alone, eternal be my Claim.
My bright Defender, and my dread Delight,
If ever I found Favor in Thy Sight;
If all the Pains that for Thy BRITAIN's Sake
My paſt has took, or future Life may take,
Be grateful to my QUEEN: permit my Pray'r,
And with This Gift reward my total Care.
Will Thy indulgent Hand, fair Saint, allow
The Boon? and will Thy Ear accept the Vow?
That in deſpight of Age, of impious Flame,
And eating Time, Thy Picture like Thy Fame
Entire may laſt; that as their Eyes ſurvey
The ſemblant Shade, Men yet unborn may ſay;

Thus

Thus Great, thus Gracious look'd BRITANNIA's Queen;
Her Brow thus ſmooth, Her Look was thus ſerene;
When to a Low, but to a Loyal Hand
The mighty Empreſs gave Her high Command,
That He to Hoſtile Camps, and Kings ſhou'd haſte,
To ſpeak Her Vengeance, as Their Danger, paſt;
To ſay, She Wills deteſted Wars to ceaſe;
She checks Her Conqueſt, for Her Subjects Eaſe;
And bids the World attend Her Terms of Peace.

Thee, Gracious ANNE, Thee preſent I adore,
Thee, QUEEN of PEACE——If Time and Fate have Power
Higher to raiſe the Glories of thy Reign;
In Words ſublimer, and a nobler Strain,
May future Bards the mighty Theme rehearſe.
Here, STATOR JOVE, and PHOEBUS King of Verſe,
The Votive Tablet I ſuſpend * * * *

ALMA.

ALMA:

OR, THE

PROGRESS

OF THE

MIND.

In THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν.
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ὅτι τὰ γιγνόμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobœum.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXI.

ALMA:

OR, THE

PROGRESS

OF THE

MIND.

In THREE CANTOS.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXI.

THE
FIRST CANTO.

MATTHEW met RICHARD, when or where
From Story is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty Points They ſpoke;
And *Pro* and *Con* by turns They took.
Ratts half the Manuſcript have eat:
Dire Hunger! which We ſtill regret:
O! may they ne'er again digeſt
The Horrors of ſo ſad a Feaſt.
Yet leſs our Grief, if what remains,
Dear JACOB, by thy Care and Pains
Shall be to future Times convey'd.
It thus begins:
* * * * Here MATTHEW ſaid:

ALMA in Verſe; in Proſe, the MIND,
By ARISTOTLE's Pen defin'd,

Throughout the Body ſquat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, All in All.
And yet, ſlap daſh, is All again
In every Sinew, Nerve, and Vein:
Runs here and there, like HAMLET's Ghoſt:
While every where She rules the roaſt.

This *Syſtem*, RICHARD, We are told,
The Men of OXFORD firmly hold.
The CAMBRIDGE Wits, You know, deny
With *Ipſe dixit* to comply.
They ſay (for in good truth They ſpeak
With ſmall Reſpect of that old GREEK)
That, putting all his Words together,
'Tis Three blue Beans in One blue Bladder.

ALMA, They ſtrenuouſly maintain,
Sits Cock-horſe on Her Throne, the Brain;
And from that Seat of Thought diſpenſes
Her Sov'reign Pleaſure to the Senſes.
Two *Optic* Nerves, They ſay, She tyes,
Like Spectacles, a-croſs the Eyes;
By which the Spirits bring her Word,
Whene'er the Balls are fix'd, or ſtirr'd;
How quick at Park and Play they ſtrike;
The Duke they court; the Toaſt they like;
And at St. JAMES's turn their Grace
From former Friends, now out of Place.

With-

Without theſe Aids, to be more ſerious,
Her Pow'r, They hold, had been precarious:
The Eyes might have conſpir'd her Ruin;
And She not known, what They were doing.
Fooliſh it had been, and unkind,
That They ſhou'd ſee, and She be blind.

Wiſe Nature likewiſe, They ſuppoſe,
Has drawn two Conduits down our Noſe:
Cou'd ALMA elſe with Judgment tell,
When *Cabbage* ſtinks, or *Roſes* ſmell?
Or who wou'd ask for her Opinion
Between an *Oyſter*, and an *Onion*?
For from moſt Bodies, DICK, You know,
Some little Bits ask Leave to flow;
And, as thro' theſe Canals They roll,
Bring up a Sample of the Whole.
Like Footmen running before Coaches,
To tell the Inn, what Lord approaches.

By Nerves about our Palate plac'd,
She likewiſe judges of the Taſte.
Elſe (diſmal Thought!) our Warlike Men
Might drink thick *Port* for fine *Champagne*;
And our ill-judging Wives and Daughters
Miſtake Small-beer for *Citron*-Waters.

Hence too, that She might better hear,
She ſets a Drum at either Ear;
And Loud or Gentle, Harſh or Sweet,
Are but th' *Alarums* which They beat.

Laſt, to enjoy her Senſe of Feeling
(A thing She much delights to deal in)
A thouſand little Nerves She ſends
Quite to our Toes, and Fingers Ends;
And Theſe in Gratitude again
Return their Spirits to the Brain;
In which their Figure being printed
(As juſt before, I think, I hinted)
ALMA inform'd can try the Caſe,
As She had been upon the Place.

Thus, while the Judge gives diff'rent Journeys
To Country Counſel, and Attornies;
He on the Bench in quiet ſits,
Deciding, as They bring the Writs.
The POPE thus prays and ſleeps at ROME,
And very ſeldom ſtirs from Home:
Yet ſending forth his Holy Spies,
And having heard what They adviſe,
He rules the Church's bleſt Dominions;
And ſets Men's Faith by His Opinions.

The Scholars of the STAGYRITE,
Who for the Old Opinion fight,
Would make their Modern Friends confeſs,
The diff'rence but from More to Leſs.
The MIND, ſay They, while You ſuſtain
To hold her Station in the Brain;
You grant, at leaſt, She is extended:
Ergo the whole Diſpute is ended.
For 'till To-morrow ſhou'd You plead
From Form and Structure of the Head;
The MIND as viſibly is ſeen
Extended thro' the whole *Machine*.
Why ſhou'd all Honor then be ta'en
From Lower Parts to load the Brain;
When other Limbs we plainly ſee,
Each in his way, as brisk as He?
For Muſic, grant the Head receives it;
It is the Artiſt's Hand that gives it.
And tho' the Scull may wear the Laurel;
The Soldier's Arm ſuſtains the Quarrel.
Beſides, the Noſtrils, Ears, and Eyes
Are not his Parts, but his Allies.
Ev'n what You hear the Tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab Origine* from them.
What could the Head perform alone,
If all Their friendly Aids were gone?
A fooliſh figure He muſt make;
Do nothing elſe, but ſleep and ake.

Nor matters it, that You can ſhow,
How to the Head the Spirits go.
Thoſe Spirits ſtarted from ſome Goal,
Before they thro' the Veins cou'd roll.
Now We ſhou'd hold Them much to blame,
If They went back, before They came.

If therefore, as We muſt ſuppoſe,
They came from Fingers, and from Toes;
Or Toes, or Fingers, in this Caſe,
Of *Num-ſcull's* Self ſhou'd take the Place.
Diſputing fair, You grant thus much,
That all Senſation is but Touch.
Dip but your Toes into cold Water;
Their Correſpondent Teeth will chatter:
And ſtrike the Bottom of your Feet;
You ſet your Head into a Heat.
The Bully beat, and happy Lover
Confeſs, that Feeling lies all over.

Note here, LUCRETIUS dares to teach
(As all our Youth may learn from CREECH)
That Eyes were made, but cou'd not view;
Nor Hands embrace, nor Feet purſue:
But heedleſs Nature did produce
The Members firſt, and then the Uſe.
What Each muſt act, was yet unknown,
Till All is mov'd by Chance alone.

A Man firſt builds a Country Seat;
Then finds the Walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wond'ring ſees
Nor Books, nor Medals on his Trees.
Yet Poet and Philoſopher
Was He, who durſt ſuch Whims aver.
Bleſt, for his ſake, be human Reaſon,
That came at all, tho' late, in Seaſon.

But no Man ſure e'er left his Houſe,
And ſaddl'd *Ball*, with Thoughts ſo wild,
To bring a Midwife to his Spouſe,
Before He knew She was with Child.
And no Man ever reapt his Corn,
Or from the Oven drew his Bread,
E'er Hinds and Bakers yet were born,
That taught him both to Sow, and Knead.
Before They're ask'd, can Maids refuſe?
Can——Pray, ſays DICK, hold in your Muſe.
While You *Pindaric* Truths rehearſe;
She hobbles in *Alternate* Verſe.
Verſe? MAT. reply'd: is that my Care?
Go on, quoth RICHARD, ſoft and fair.

This looks, friend DICK, as Nature had
But exercis'd the *Saleſman*'s Trade:
As if She haply had ſat down,
And cut out Cloaths for all the Town;

Then ſent them out to *Monmouth*-Street,
To try, what Perſons they wou'd fit.
But ev'ry Free and Licenc'd Taylor
Would in this *Theſis* find a Failure.
Should Whims like theſe his Head perplex,
How could he work for either Sex?
His Cloaths, as Atomes might prevail,
Might fit a Piſmire, or a Whale.
No, no: He views with ſtudious Pleaſure
Your Shape, before He takes your Meaſure.
For real KATE He made the Boddice,
And not for an *Ideal* Goddeſs.
No Error near his Shop-board lurk'd:
He knew the Folks for whom He work'd.
Still to Their Size He aim'd his Skill:
Elſe, pr'ythee, who wou'd pay his Bill?

Next, DICK, if Chance her ſelf ſhou'd vary;
Obſerve, how Matters would miſcarry:
Acroſs your Eyes, Friend, place your Shoes;
Your Spectacles upon your Toes:
Then You and MEMMIUS ſhall agree,
How nicely Men would walk, or ſee.

But Wiſdom, peeviſh and croſs-grain'd,
Muſt be oppos'd, to be ſuſtain'd.
And ſtill your Knowledge will increaſe,
As You make other People's leſs.

In

In Arms and Science 'tis the ſame:
Our Rival's Hurts create our Fame.
At FAUBERT's if Diſputes ariſe
Among the Champions for the Prize;
To prove, who gave the fairer Butt,
JOHN ſhows the Chalk on ROBERT's Coat.
So, for the Honor of your Book,
It tells, where other Folks miſtook:
And, as their Notions You confound,
Thoſe You invent get farther Ground.

The Commentators on old ARISTOTLE ('tis urg'd) in Judgment vary:
They to their own Conceits have brought
The Image of his general Thought.
Juſt as the Melancholic Eye
Sees Fleets and Armies in the Sky;
And to the poor Apprentice Ear
The Bells ſound *Whittington* Lord May'r.
The Conj'rer thus explains his *Scheme*:
Thus Spirits walk, and Prophets dream:
NORTH BRITONS thus have *Second Sight*;
And GERMANS free from Gunſhot fight.

THEODORET, and ORIGEN,
And fifty other Learned Men
Atteſt, that if their Comments find
The Traces of their Maſter's Mind;

ALMA can ne'er decay nor dye:
This flatly t' other Sect deny,
SIMPLICIUS, THEOPHRAST, DURAND;
Great Names, but hard in Verſe to ſtand.
They wonder Men ſhould have miſtook
The *Tenets* of their Maſter's Book;
And hold, that ALMA yields her Breath,
O'ercome by Age, and ſeiz'd by Death.
Now which were Wiſe? and which were Fools?
Poor ALMA ſits between two Stools:
The more She reads, the more perplext;
The Comment ruining the Text:
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful Fate:
But, RICHARD, let her look to That———
Whilſt We our own Affairs purſue.

Theſe diff'rent *Syſtems*, Old or New,
A Man with half an Eye may ſee,
Were only form'd to diſagree.
Now to bring Things to fair Concluſion,
And ſave much Chriſtian Ink's Effuſion;
Let me propoſe an Healing *Scheme*,
And ſail along the Middle Stream:
For, DICK, if We could reconcile
Old ARISTOTLE with GASSENDUS;
How many would admire our Toil;
And yet how few would comprehend us?

Here,

Here, RICHARD, let my *Scheme* commence,
Oh! may my Words be loſt in Senſe;
While pleas'd THALIA deigns to write
The Slips and Bounds of ALMA's Flight.

My ſimple *Syſtem* ſhall ſuppoſe,
That ALMA enters at the Toes;
That then She mounts by juſt Degrees
Up to the Ancles, Legs, and Knees:
Next, as the Sap of Life does riſe,
She lends her Vigor to the Thighs:
And, all theſe under-Regions paſt,
She neſtles ſomewhere near the Waſte:
Gives Pain or Pleaſure, Grief or Laughter;
As We ſhall ſhow at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd, by Time
Up to the Heart She loves to climb
From thence, compell'd by Craft and Age,
She makes the Head her lateſt Stage.

From the Feet upward to the Head;
Pithy, and ſhort, ſays DICK: proceed.

DICK, this is not an idle Notion:
Obſerve the Progreſs of the Motion.
Firſt I demonſtratively prove,
That Feet were only made to move;

And

And Legs deſire to come and go:
For they have nothing elſe to do.

Hence, long before the Child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and ſprawl:
To hinder which, your Midwife knows
To bind Thoſe Parts extremely cloſe;
Leſt ALMA newly enter'd in,
And ſtunn'd at her own Chriſt'ning's Din,
Fearful of future Grief and Pain,
Should ſilently ſneak out again.
Full piteous ſeems young ALMA's Caſe:
As in a luckleſs Gameſter's Place,
She would not play, yet muſt not paſs.

Again as She grows ſomething ſtronger,
And Maſter's Feet are ſwath'd no longer,
If in the Night too oft He kicks,
Or ſhows his *Loco-motive* Tricks;
Theſe firſt Aſſaults fat KATE repays Him,
When half aſleep She overlays Him.

Now mark, Dear RICHARD, from the Age,
That Children tread this Worldly Stage,
Broom-ſtaff or Poaker they beſtride,
And round the Parlor love to ride;
'Till thoughtful Father's pious Care
Provides his Brood, next *Smithfield* Fair,

With

With Supplemental Hobby-Horſes:
And happy be their Infant Courſes!

Hence for ſome Years they ne'er ſtand ſtill:
Their Legs, You ſee, direct their Will.
From opening Morn 'till ſetting Sun,
A-round the Fields and Woods They run:
They friſk, and dance, and leap, and play;
Nor heed, what FRIEND or SNAPE can ſay.

To Her next Stage as ALMA flies,
And likes, as I have ſaid, the Thighs:
With *Sympathetic* Pow'r She warms
Their good Allies and Friends, the Arms.
While BETTY dances on the Green;
And SUSAN is at Stool-ball ſeen:
While JOHN for Nine-pins does declare;
And ROGER loves to pitch the Bar;
Both Legs and Arms ſpontaneous move:
Which was the Thing I meant to prove.

Another Motion now She makes:
O need I name the Seat She takes?
His Thought quite chang'd the Stripling finds;
The Sport and Race no more He minds:
Neglected *Tray* and *Pointer* lye;
And Covies unmoleſted fly.

Sudden

Sudden the jocund Plain He leaves;
And for the Nymph in Secret grieves.
In dying Accents He complains
Of cruel Fires, and raging Pains.
The Nymph too longs to be alone;
Leaves all the Swains, and ſighs for One.
The Nymph is warm'd with young Deſire;
And feels, and dies to quench His Fire.
They meet each Evening in the Grove:
Their Parley but augments their Love.
So to the Prieſt their Caſe They tell:
He ties the Knot; and all goes well.

But, O my MUSE, juſt Diſtance keep:
Thou art a Maid, and muſt not peep.
In nine Months Time the Boddice looſe,
And Petticoats too ſhort, diſcloſe,
That at This Age the active Mind
About the Waſte lies moſt confin'd;
And that young Life, and quick'ning Senſe
Spring from His Influence darted thence.
So from the Middle of the World
The SUN's prolifick Rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from That Seat He darts thoſe Beams,
Which quicken Earth with genial Flames.

DICK, who thus long had paſſive ſat,
Here ſtroak'd his Chin, and cock'd his Hat;

Then

Then ſlapp'd his Hand upon the Board;
And thus the Youth put in his Word.
Love's Advocates, ſweet Sir, would find Him
A higher Place, than You aſſign'd Him.
Love's Advocates, DICK, who are thoſe?——
The Poets, You may well ſuppoſe.
I'm ſorry, Sir, You have diſcarded
The Men, with whom 'till now You herded.
Proſe-Men alone for private Ends,
I thought, forſook their ancient Friends.
In cor ſtillavit, crys LUCRETIUS;
If He may be allow'd to teach Us.
The ſelf-ſame Thing ſoft OVID ſays
(A proper Judge in ſuch a Caſe)
HORACE his Phraſe is *torret Jecur*;
And happy was that curious Speaker.
Here VIRGIL too has plac'd this Paſſion:
What ſignifies too long Quotation?
In *Ode* and *Epic* plain the Caſe is,
That Love holds One of theſe Two Places.

DICK, without Paſſion or Reflection,
I'll ſtrait demoliſh this Objection.

Firſt Poets, all the World agrees,
Write half to profit, half to pleaſe.
Matter and Figure They produce;
For Garniſh This, and That for Uſe;

And,

And, in the Structure of their Feaſts,
They ſeek to feed, and pleaſe their Gueſts:
But One may balk this good Intent,
And take Things otherwiſe than meant.
Thus, if You Dine with my Lord May'r,
Roaſt-Beef, and Ven'ſon is your Fare;
Thence You proceed to Swan, and Buſtard,
And perſevere in Tart, and Cuſtard:
But *Tulip-leaves*, and *Limon-peel*
Help only to adorn the Meal:
And painted Flags, ſuperb and neat,
Proclaim You welcome to the Treat.
The Man of Senſe his Meat devours;
But only ſmells the Peel, and Flow'rs:
And He muſt be an idle Dreamer,
Who leaves the Pie, and gnaws the Streamer.

That CUPID goes with Bow and Arrows,
And VENUS keeps her Coach and Sparrows,
Is all but Emblem, to acquaint One,
The Son is ſharp, the Mother wanton.
Such Images have ſometimes ſhown
A *Myſtic* Senſe, but oft'ner None.
For who conceives, what Bards deviſe,
That Heav'n is plac'd in CELIA's Eyes?
Or where's the Senſe, direct or moral,
That Teeth are Pearl, or Lips are Coral?

Your HORACE owns, He various writ,
As wild, or ſober Maggots bit:
And, where too much the Poet ranted,
The Sage Philoſopher recanted.
His grave *Epiſtles* may diſprove
The wanton *Odes* He made to LOVE.

LUCRETIUS keeps a mighty Pother
With CUPID, and his fancy'd Mother:
Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air;
Declares, that Winds and Seas obey Her;
And, while Her Honour he rehearſes,
Implores Her to inſpire his Verſes.

Yet, free from this Poetic Madneſs,
Next Page He ſays in ſober Sadneſs,
That She and all her fellow-Gods
Sit idling in their high Abodes,
Regardleſs of this World below,
Our Health or Hanging, Weal or Woe;
Nor once diſturb their Heav'nly Spirits
With SCAPIN's Cheats, or CÆSAR's Merits.

Nor e'er can LATIN Poets prove,
Where lies the real Seat of Love.
Jecur they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
As either beſt ſupplies their Verſe.

And, if Folks ask the Reaſon for't,
Say, one was long, and t' other ſhort.
Thus, I preſume, the BRITISH Muſe,
May take the Freedom Strangers uſe.
In Proſe our Property is greater:
Why ſhould it then be leſs in Metre?
If CUPID throws a ſingle Dart;
We make him wound the Lover's *Heart:*
But if He takes his Bow, and Quiver;
'Tis ſure, He muſt tranſfix the *Liver:*
For Rhime with Reaſon may diſpenſe;
And Sound has Right to govern Senſe.

But let your Friends in Verſe ſuppoſe,
What ne'er ſhall be allow'd in Proſe:
Anatomiſts can make it clear,
The *Liver* minds his own Affair;
Kindly ſupplies our publick Uſes;
And parts, and ſtrains the Vital Juices:
Still lays ſome uſeful Bile aſide,
To tinge the Chyle's inſipid Tide:
Elſe We ſhould want both Gibe and Satyr;
And all be burſt with pure Good-nature.
Now Gall is bitter with a Witneſs;
And Love is all Delight and Sweetneſs;
My *Logic* then has loſt it's Aim,
If Sweet and Bitter be the ſame:

And He, methinks, is no great Scholar,
Who can miſtake Deſire for Choler.

The like may of the *Heart* be ſaid:
Courage and Terror there are bred.
All thoſe, whoſe *Hearts* are looſe and low,
Start, if they hear but the *Tattoo:*
And mighty Phyſical their Fear is:
For, ſoon as Noiſe of Combat near is,
Their Heart, deſcending to their Breeches,
Muſt give their Stomach cruel twitches.
But Heroes who o'ercome or dye,
Have their Hearts hung extremely high:
The Strings of which, in Battel's Heat,
Againſt their very *Corſlets* beat;
Keep Time with their own Trumpet's Meaſure;
And yield 'em moſt exceſſive Pleaſure.

Now if 'tis chiefly in the Heart,
That Courage does it ſelf exert;
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That This is eke the Throne of Love.
Would Nature make One Place the Seat
Of fond Deſire, and fell Debate?
Muſt People only take Delight in
Thoſe Hours, when They are tir'd with Fighting?
And has no Man, but who has kill'd
A Father, right to get a Child?

Theſe Notions then I think but idle:
And Love ſhall ſtill poſſeſs the Middle.

This Truth more plainly to diſcover,
Suppoſe your Hero were a Lover.
Tho' He before had Gall and Rage,
Which Death, or Conqueſt muſt aſſwage;
He grows diſpirited and low:
He hates the Fight, and ſhuns the Foe.

In ſcornful Sloth ACHILLES ſlept;
And for his Wench, like TALL-BOY, wept:
Nor would return to War and Slaughter;
Till They brought back the Parſon's Daughter.

ANTONIUS fled from ACTIUM's Coaſt,
AUGUSTUS preſſing, ASIA loſt:
His Sails by CUPID's Hand unfurl'd,
To keep the Fair, he gave the World.

EDWARD our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vig'rous in Youth, in Arms renown'd;
While ENGLAND's Voice, and WARWICK's Care
Deſign'd him GALLIA's beauteous Heir;
Chang'd Peace and Pow'r for Rage and Wars,
Only to dry One Widow's Tears.

FRANCE's fourth HENRY we may ſee,
A Servant to the fair D'ESTREE;

When quitting COUTRAS proſp'rous Field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his Guards and Mid-night Tent,
Diſguis'd o'er Hills and Vallies went,
To wanton with the ſprightly Dame;
And in his Pleaſure loſt his Fame.

Bold is the Critic, who dares prove,
Theſe Heroes were no Friends to Love;
And bolder He, who dares aver,
That they were Enemies to War.
Yet, when their Thought ſhould, now or never,
Have rais'd their *Heart*, or fir'd their *Liver*;
Fond ALMA to thoſe Parts was gone,
Which LOVE more juſtly calls his own.

Examples I could cite You more;
But be contented with theſe Four:
For when One's Proofs are aptly choſen;
Four are as valid as four Dozen.
One came from GREECE, and one from ROME;
The other Two grew nearer Home.
For ſome in Antient Books delight
Others prefer what Moderns write:
Now I ſhould be extremely loath,
Not to be thought expert in Both.

THE

THE SECOND CANTO.

BUT ſhall we take the MUSE abroad,
To drop her idly on the Road?
And leave our Subject in the middle;
As BUTLER did his Bear and Fiddle?
Yet He, conſummate Maſter, knew
When to recede, and where purſue:
His noble Negligences teach,
What Others Toils deſpair to reach.
He, perfect Dancer, climbs the Rope,
And balances your Fear and Hope:
If after ſome diſtinguiſh'd Leap,
He drops his Pole, and ſeems to ſlip;
Straight gath'ring all his active Strength,
He riſes higher half his Length.
With Wonder You approve his Slight;
And owe your Pleaſure to your Fright.
But, like poor ANDREW, I advance,
Falſe *Mimic* of my Maſter's Dance:
A-round the Cord a while I ſprawl;
And thence, tho' low, in earneſt fall.

My

My Preface tells You, I digreſs'd:
He's half abſolv'd who has confeſs'd.

I like, quoth DICK, your *Simile:*
And in Return, take Two from Me.
As Maſters in the *Clare-obſcure,*
With various Light your Eyes allure:
A flaming Yellow here They ſpread;
Draw off in Blue, or charge in Red:
Yet from theſe Colors odly mix'd,
Your Sight upon the Whole is fix'd.
Or as, again, your Courtly Dames
(Whoſe Cloaths returning Birth-Day claims)
By Arts improve the Stuffs they vary;
And Things are beſt, as moſt contrary.
The Gown with ſtiff Embroid'ry ſhining,
Looks charming with a ſlighter Lining:
The Out- if INDIAN Figures ſtain;
The In-ſide muſt be rich and plain.
So You, great Authors, have thought fit,
To make Digreſſion temper Wit:
When Arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm 'em with a milder Air:
To break their Points, You turn their Force;
And *Furbelow* the plain Diſcourſe.

RICHARD, quoth MAT, theſe Words of Thine
Speak ſomething ſly, and ſomething fine:

But

But I ſhall e'en reſume my *Theme*;
However Thou may'ſt praiſe, or blame.

As People marry now, and ſettle;
Fierce Love abates his uſual Mettle:
Worldly Deſires, and Houſehold Cares
Diſturb the Godhead's ſoft Affairs:
So now, as Health or Temper changes,
In larger Compaſs ALMA ranges,
This Day below, the next above;
As light, or ſolid Whimſies move.
So Merchant has his Houſe in Town,
And Country-Seat near BANSTED Down:
From One he dates his Foreign Letters,
Sends out his Goods, and duns his Debtors:
In t'other, at his Hours of Leiſure,
He ſmokes his Pipe, and takes his Pleaſure.

And now your Matrimonial CUPID,
Laſh'd on by Time, grows tir'd and ſtupid.
For Story and Experience tell Us,
That Man grows cold, and Woman jealous.
Both would their little Ends ſecure:
He ſighs for Freedom, She for Pow'r.
His Wiſhes tend abroad to roam;
And Her's, to domineer at Home.
Thus Paſſion flags by ſlow Degrees;
And ruffled more, delighted leſs,

The buſy Mind does ſeldom go
To thoſe once charming Seats below:
But, in the Breaſt incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred Feints, and future Wars.
The Man ſuſpects his Lady's crying
(When he laſt Autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint Her
By Codicil a larger Jointure.
The Woman finds it all a Trick,
That He could ſwoon, when She was ſick;
And knows, that in That Grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd SUSAN for his Second,

Thus having ſtrove ſome tedious Years
With feign'd Deſires, and real Fears;
And tir'd with Anſwers, and Replies,
Of JOHN affirms, and MARTHA lies;
Leaving this endleſs Altercation,
The Mind affects a higher Station.

POLTIS, that gen'rous King of THRACE,
I think, was in this very Caſe.
All ASIA now was by the Ears:
And Gods beat up for Voluntiers
To GREECE, and TROY; while POLTIS ſat
In Quiet, governing his State:
And whence, ſaid the Pacific King,
Does all this Noiſe, and Diſcord ſpring?

Why, PARIS took ATRIDES' Wife——
With Eaſe I could compoſe this Strife:
The injur'd Hero ſhould not loſe,
Nor the young Lover want a Spouſe:
But HELEN chang'd her firſt Condition,
Without her Husband's juſt Permiſſion.
What from the Dame can PARIS hope?
She may as well from Him elope.
Again, how can her old Good-man
With Honor take Her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The Woman cannot live with Either.
Now I have Two right honeſt Wives,
For whoſe Poſſeſſion No Man ſtrives:
One to ATRIDES I will ſend;
And t'other to my TROJAN Friend.
Each Prince ſhall thus with Honor have,
What Both ſo warmly ſeem to crave:
The Wrath of Gods and Man ſhall ceaſe:
And POLTIS live and die in Peace.

DICK, if this Story pleaſeth Thee,
Pray thank *Dan* POPE, who told it Me.

Howe'er ſwift ALMA's Flight may vary,
(Take this by way of *Corollary*:)
Some Limbs She finds the very ſame,
In Place, and Dignity, and Name:

Theſe dwell at ſuch convenient Diſtance,
That each may give his Friend Aſſiſtance.
Thus He who runs or dances, begs
The equal Vigor of Two Legs:
So much to both does ALMA truſt,
She ne'er regards, which goes the firſt.
TEAGUE could make neither of them ſtay,
When with Himſelf he ran away.
The Man who ſtruggles in the Fight,
Fatigues left Arm, as well as right:
For whilſt one Hand exalts the Blow,
And on the Earth extends the Foe;
T' other would take it wond'rous ill,
If in your Pocket He lay ſtill.
And when you ſhoot, and ſhut one Eye,
You cannot think, He would deny
To lend the t' other friendly Aid,
Or wink, as Coward, and affraid.
No, Sir; whilſt He withdraws his Flame;
His Comrade takes the ſurer Aim.
One Moment if his Beams recede;
As ſoon as e'er the Bird is dead,
Opening again, He lays his Claim
To half the Profit, half the Fame;
And helps to Pocket up the Game.
'Tis thus, One Tradeſman ſlips away,
To give his Part'ner fairer Play.

Some Limbs again in Bulk or Stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,
In Concert act, like modern Friends;
Becauſe one ſerves the t' other's Ends.
The Arm thus waits upon the Heart,
So quick to take the Bully's Part;
That one, tho' warm, decides more ſlow,
Than t' other executes the Blow.
A Stander-by may chance to have it,
E'er HACK himſelf perceives, He gave it.

The am'rous Eyes thus always go
A-ſtroling for their Friends below:
For long before the 'Squire and Dame
Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their Flame;
E'er Viſits yet are brought about,
The Eye by Sympathy looks out;
Knows FLORIMEL, and longs to meet Her;
And, if He ſees, is ſure to greet Her,
Tho' at Saſh-Window, on the Stairs,
At Court, nay (Authors ſay) at Pray'rs.——

The Funeral of ſome valiant Knight
May give this Thing it's proper Light.
View his Two Gantlets: theſe declare,
That Both his Hands were us'd to War.
And from his Two gilt Spurs 'tis learn'd,
His Feet were equally concern'd.

But

But have You not with Thought beheld
The Sword hang dangling o'er the Shield?
Which ſhows the Breaſt, That Plate was us'd to,
Had an Ally right Arm to truſt to:
And by the Peep-holes in his Creſt,
Is it not virtually confeſt,
That there his Eyes took diſtant Aim,
And glanc'd Reſpect to that bright Dame,
In whoſe Delight his Hope was center'd,
And for whoſe Glove his Life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general *Syſtem*
May 'riſe, perhaps; and I have miſt them:
But I can call to my Aſſiſtance
Proximity (mark that!) and Diſtance:
Can prove, that all Things, on Occaſion,
Love Union, and deſire Adheſion;
That ALMA merely is a Scale;
And Motives, like the Weights, prevail.
If neither Side turn down or up,
With Loſs or Gain, with Fear or Hope;
The Balance always would hang ev'n,
Like MAH'MET's Tomb, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n.

This, RICHARD, is a curious Caſe:
Suppoſe your Eyes ſent equal Rays
Upon two diſtant Pots of Ale,
Not knowing, which was Mild or Stale:

In this ſad State your doubtful Choice
Would never have the caſting Voice:
Which Beſt or Worſt, You could not think;
And die You muſt, for want of Drink:
Unleſs ſome Chance inclines your Sight,
Setting one Pot in fairer Light;
Then You prefer or A, or B,
As Lines and Angles beſt agree:
Your Senſe reſolv'd impells your Will;
She guides your Hand,—— So drink your Fill.

Have you not ſeen a Baker's Maid
Between two equal Panniers ſway'd?
Her Tallies uſeleſs lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the Middle:
But forc'd from this unactive State,
By virtue of ſome caſual Weight;
On either Side You hear 'em clatter,
And judge of right and left-hand Matter.

Now, RICHARD, this coercive Courſe,
Without your Choice, muſt take it's Force.
Great Kings to Wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded Needles to the North.
And Thou and I, by Pow'r unſeen,
Are barely Paſſive, and ſuck'd in
To HENAULT's Vaults, or CELIA's Chamber,
As Straw and Paper are by Amber.

If

If we ſit down to play or ſet
(Suppoſe at *Ombre* or *Baſſet*)
Let People call us Cheats, or Fools;
Our Cards and We are equal Tools.
We ſure in vain the Cards condemn:
Our ſelves both cut and ſhuffl'd them.
In vain on Fortune's Aid rely:
She only is a Stander-by.
Poor Men! poor Papers! We and They
Do ſome impulſive Force obey;
And are but play'd with:——Do not play.
But Space and Matter we ſhould blame:
They palm'd the Trick that loſt the Game.

Thus to ſave further Contradiction,
Againſt what You may think but Fiction;
I for Attraction, DICK, declare:
Deny it thoſe bold Men that dare.
As well your Motion, as your Thought
Is all by hidden Impulſe wrought:
Ev'n ſaying, that You Think or Walk,
How like a Country 'Squire you talk?

Mark then;——Where Fancy or Deſire
Collects the Beams of Vital Fire;
Into that Limb fair ALMA ſlides,
And there, *pro tempore*, reſides.
She dwells in NICHOLINI's Tongue,
When PYRRHUS chants the Heav'nly Song.

When PEDRO does the Lute command,
She guides the cunning Artiſt's Hand.
Thro' MACER's Gullet ſhe runs down,
When the vile Glutton dines alone.
And void of Modeſty and Thought,
She follows BIBO's endleſs Draught.
Thro' the ſoft Sex again She ranges;
As Youth, Caprice, or Faſhion changes.
Fair ALMA careleſs and ſerene,
In FANNY's ſprightly Eyes is ſeen;
While they diffuſe their Infant Beams,
Themſelves not conſcious of their Flames.
Again fair ALMA ſits confeſt,
On FLORIMEL's experter Breaſt;
When She the riſing Sigh conſtrains,
And by concealing ſpeaks her Pains.
In CYNTHIA's Neck fair ALMA glows;
When the vain Thing her Jewels ſhows:
When JENNY's Stays are newly lac'd,
Fair ALMA plays about her Waſte;
And when the ſwelling Hoop ſuſtains
The rich Brocard, fair ALMA deigns
Into that lower Space to enter,
Of the large Round, Her ſelf the Centre.

Again: That Single Limb or Feature
(Such is the cogent Force of Nature)
Which moſt did ALMA's Paſſion move,
In the firſt Object of her Love, For

For ever will be found confeſt,
And printed on the am'rous Breaſt.

O ABELARD, ill-fated Youth,
Thy Tale will juſtify this Truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel Wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's Song.
Dan POPE for thy Misfortune griev'd,
With kind Concern, and Skill has weav'd
A ſilken Web; and ne'er ſhall fade
It's Colors: gently has He laid
The Mantle o'er thy ſad Diſtreſs:
And VENUS ſhall the Texture bleſs.
He o'er the weeping Nun has drawn
Such artful Folds of Sacred Lawn;
That LOVE with equal Grief and Pride,
Shall ſee the Crime, He ſtrives to hide:
And ſoftly drawing back the Veil,
The God ſhall to his Vot'ries tell
Each conſcious Tear, each bluſhing Grace,
That deck'd Dear ELOISA's Face.

Happy the Poet, bleſt the Lays,
Which BUCKINGHAM has deign'd to praiſe.

Next, DICK, as Youth and Habit ſways,
A hundred Gambols ALMA plays.

If, whilſt a Boy, JACK run from School,
Fond of his Hunting-horn, and Pole;
Tho' Gout and Age his Speed detain,
Old JOHN halloo's his Hounds again.
By his Fire-ſide he ſtarts the Hare;
And turns Her in his Wicker-Chair:
His Feet, however lame, You find,
Have got the better of his Mind.

If while the Mind was in her Leg,
The Dance affected nimble PEG;
Old MADGE, bewitch'd at Sixty one,
Calls for *Green Sleeves*, and *Jumping Joan*.
In public Mask, or private Ball,
From *Lincoln's-Inn*, to *Goldſmith's Hall*,
All Chriſtmas long away She trudges,
Trips it with Prentices and Judges:
In vain her Children urge her Stay;
And Age or Palſey bar the Way.
But if thoſe Images prevail,
Which whilom did affect the Tail;
She ſtill renews the ancient Scene;
Forgets the forty Years between:
Awkardly gay, and odly merry,
Her Scarf pale Pink, her Head-Knot Cherry;
O'er heated with *Ideal* Rage,
She cheats her Son, to wed her Page.

If ALMA, whilſt the Man was young,
Slip'd up too ſoon into his Tongue:
Pleas'd with his own fantaſtic Skill,
He lets that Weapon ne'er lie ſtill.
On any Point if You diſpute;
Depend upon it, He'll confute:
Change Sides; and You increaſe your Pain:
For He'll confute You back again.
For One may ſpeak with TULLY's Tongue;
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable, that They
Talk moſt, who have the leaſt to ſay.
Your dainty Speakers have the Curſe,
To plead bad Cauſes down to worſe:
As Dames, who Native Beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more They paint.

Again: If in the Female Sex
ALMA ſhould on this Member fix;
(A cruel and a deſp'rate Caſe,
From which Heav'n ſhield my lovely Laſs!)
For evermore all Care is vain,
That would bring ALMA down again.
As in habitual Gout, or Stone,
The only Thing that can be done,
Is to correct your Drink and Diet,
And keep the inward Foe in Quiet:

So, if for any Sins of Our's,
Or our Forefathers, Higher Pow'rs,
Severe tho' juſt, afflict our Life
With that Prime Ill, a talking Wife;
'Till Death ſhall bring the kind Relief:
We muſt be Patient, or be Deaf.

You know, a certain Lady, DICK,
Who ſaw Me, when I laſt was ſick:
She kindly talk'd, at leaſt three Hours,
Of *Plaſtic* Forms, and *Mental* Pow'rs:
Deſcrib'd our pre-exiſting Station,
Before this vile Terrene Creation:
And leſt I ſhould be weary'd, Madam,
To cut Things ſhort, came down to ADAM;
From whence, as faſt as She was able,
She drowns the World, and builds up BABEL;
Thro' SYRIA, PERSIA, GREECE She goes;
And takes the ROMANS in the Cloſe.

But We'll deſcant on gen'ral Nature:
This is a *Syſtem*, nor a Satyr.

Turn We this Globe; and let Us ſee,
How diff'rent Nations diſagree,
In what We wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, DICK, perhaps in what We think.

In Water as You ſmell and taſt
The Soyls, thro' which it roſe and paſt:
In ALMA's Manners You may read
The Place, where She was born and bred.

One People from their ſwadling Bands
Releas'd their Infants Feet and Hands:
Here ALMA to theſe Limbs was brought;
And SPARTA's Offspring kick'd and fought.

Another taught their Babes to talk,
E'er they could yet in Goe-carts walk:
There ALMA ſettl'd in the Tongue;
And Orators from ATHENS ſprung.

Obſerve but in theſe Neighb'ring Lands,
The diff'rent Uſe of Mouths and Hands:
As Men repos'd their various Hopes,
In Battles Theſe, and Thoſe in Tropes.

In BRITAIN's Iſles, as HEYLYN notes,
The Ladies trip in Petticoats;
Which, for the Honor of their Nation,
They quit but on ſome great Occaſion.
Men there in Breeches clad You view:
They claim that Garment, as their due.
In TURKEY the Reverſe appears;
Long Coats the haughty Husband wears,

And

And greets His Wife with angry Speeches,
If She be ſeen without her Breeches.

In our Fantaſtic *Clime* the Fair
With cleanly Powder dry their Hair:
And round their lovely Breaſt and Head
Freſh Flow'rs their mingl'd Odors ſhed.
Your nicer HOTTENTOTS think meet,
With Guts and Tripe to deck their Feet:
With down-caſt Looks on TOTTA's Legs,
The ogling Youth moſt humbly begs,
She would not from his Hopes remove
At once his Breakfaſt, and his Love:
And if the ſkittiſh Nymph ſhould fly,
He in a double Senſe muſt die.

We ſimple *Toaſters* take Delight
To ſee our Women's Teeth look white.
And ev'ry ſaucy ill-bred Fellow
Sneers at a Mouth profoundly yellow.
In CHINA none hold Women ſweet,
Except their Snags are black as Jett.
King CHIHU put Nine Queens to Death,
Convict on Statute, *Ivory Teeth.*

At TONQUIN if a Prince ſhould die
(As Jeſuits write, who never lye)
The Wife, and Counſellor, and Prieſt,
Who ſerv'd Him moſt, and lov'd Him beſt;

Prepare, and light his Fun'ral Fire,
And chearful on the Pile expire.
In EUROPE 'twould be hard to find
In each Degree One Half ſo kind.

Now turn We to the fartheſt Eaſt,
And there obſerve the Gentry Dreſt;
Prince GIOLO, and his Royal Siſters,
Scarr'd with ten thouſand comely Bliſters,
The Marks remaining on the Skin,
To tell the Quality within.
Diſtinguiſh'd Slaſhes deck the Great:
As each excells in Birth, or State;
His Oylet-holes are more, and ampler:
The King's own Body was a Samplar.
Happy the Climate, where the *Bears*
Wears the ſame Suit for Uſe, and Show:
And at a ſmall Expence your Wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for Life.

Weſtward again the INDIAN Fair
Is nicely ſmear'd with Fat of Bear.
Before You ſee, You ſmell your Toaſt:
And ſweeteſt She, who ſtinks the moſt.
The fineſt Sparks, and cleaneſt *Beaux*
Drip from the Shoulders to the Toes.
How ſleek their Skins! their Joints how eaſy!
There Slovens only are not greaſy.

I mention'd diff'rent Ways of Breeding:
Begin We in our Children's Reading.
To Maſter JOHN the ENGLISH Maid
A Horn-book gives of Ginger-bread:
And that the Child may learn the better,
As He can name, He eats the Letter:
Proceeding thus with vaſt Delight,
He ſpells, and gnaws, from Left to Right.
But ſhew a HEBREW's hopeful Son,
Where We ſuppoſe the Book begun;
The Child would thank You for your Kindneſs,
And read quite backward from our *Finis*:
Devour He Learning ne'er ſo faſt:
Great A would be reſerv'd the laſt.

An equal Inſtance of this Matter,
Is in the Manners of a Daughter.
In EUROPE, if a harmleſs Maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should e'er a Wife become a Nurſe;
Her Friends would look on Her the Worſe.
In CHINA, DAMPIER's Travels tell Ye:
(Look in his Index for PAGELLI:)
Soon as the BRITISH Ships unmoore,
And jolly Long-boat rows to Shore;
Down come the Nobles of the Land:
Each brings his Daughter in his Hand,
Beſeeching the Imperious Tar
To make Her but One Hour his Care.

The tender Mother ſtands affrighted,
Leſt her dear Daughter ſhould be ſlighted:
And poor Miſs YAYA dreads the Shame
Of going back the Maid She came.

Obſerve how Cuſtom, DICK, compells
The Lady that in EUROPE dwells:
After her Tea She ſlips away;
And what to do, One need not ſay.
Now ſee how great POMONQUE's Queen
Behav'd Herſelf amongſt the Men:
Pleas'd with her Punch, the Gallant Soul
Firſt drank, then water'd in the Bowl;
And ſprinkl'd in the Captain's Face
The Marks of Her Peculiar Grace——

To cloſe this Point, We need not roam
For Inſtances ſo far from Home.
What parts gay FRANCE from ſober SPAIN?
A little riſing Rocky Chain.
Of Men born South or North o'th' Hill,
Thoſe ſeldom move; Theſe ne'er ſtand ſtill.
DICK, You love Maps, and may perceive
ROME not far diſtant from GENEVE.
If the good POPE remains at Home,
He's the Firſt Prince in CHRISTENDO ME.
Chooſe then, good POPE, at Home to ſtay;
Nor Weſtward curious take Thy Way.

Thy

Thy Way unhappy ſhould'ſt Thou take
From TIBER's Bank to LEMAN-Lake;
Thou art an Aged Prieſt no more,
But a Young flaring Painted Whore:
Thy Sex is loſt: Thy Town is gone,
No longer ROME, but BABYLON.
That ſome few Leagues ſhould make this Change,
To Men unlearn'd ſeems mighty ſtrange.

But need We, Friend, inſiſt on This?
Since in the very CANTONS SWISS,
All Your Philoſophers agree,
And prove it plain, that One may be
A Heretic, or True Believer,
On this, or t' other Side a River.

Here with an artful Smile, quoth DICK,
Your Proofs come mighty full, and thick——

The Bard on this extenſive Chapter,
Wound up into Poetic Rapture,
Continu'd: RICHARD, caſt your Eye
By Night upon a Winter-Sky:
Caſt it by Day-light on the Strand,
Which compaſſes fair ALBION's Land:
If You can count the Stars that glow
Above, or Sands that lie below;

Into thoſe Common-places look,
Which from great Authors I have took;
And count the Proofs I have collected,
To have my Writings well protected.
Theſe I lay by for Time of Need;
And Thou may'ſt at thy Leiſure read.
For ſtanding every Critic's Rage,
I ſafely will to future Age
My *Syſtem*, as a Gift, bequeath,
Victorious over Spight, and Death.

THE
THIRD CANTO.

RICHARD, who now was half a-ſleep,
Rous'd; nor would longer Silence keep:
And Senſe like this, in vocal Breath
Broke from his twofold Hedge of Teeth.
Now if this Phraſe too harſh be thought;
POPE, tell the World, 'tis not my Fault.
Old HOMER taught us thus to ſpeak:
If 'tis not Senſe; at leaſt 'tis GREEK.

As Folks, quoth RICHARD, prone to Leaſing,
Say Things at firſt, becauſe they're pleaſing;
Then prove what they have once aſſerted;
Nor care to have their Lie deſerted;
'Till their own Dreams at length deceive 'em;
And oft repeating, they believe 'em:
Or as again thoſe am'rous Blades,
Who trifle with their Mother's Maids;
Tho' at the firſt their wild Deſire,
Was but to quench a preſent Fire:
Yet if the object of their Love
Chance by LUCINA's Aid to prove;

They ſeldom let the Bantling roar
In Basket, at a Neighbour's Door:
But by the flatt'ring Glaſs of Nature,
Viewing themſelves in *Cake-bread's* Feature;
With ſerious Thought and Care ſupport,
What only was begun in Sport.

Juſt ſo with You, my Friend, it fares,
Who deal in Philoſophic Wares:
Atoms You cut; and Forms You meaſure,
To gratifie your private Pleaſure;
'Till airy Seeds of caſual Wit
Do ſome fantaſtic Birth beget:
And pleas'd to find your *Syſtem* mended,
Beyond what You at firſt intended,
The happy Whimſey You purſue;
'Till You at length believe it true.
Caught by your own deluſive Art,
You fancy firſt, and then aſſert.

Quoth MATTHEW: Friend, as far as I
Thro' Art or Nature caſt my Eye;
This *Axiom* clearly I diſcern,
That One muſt Teach, and t' Other Learn.
No Fool PYTHAGORAS was thought:
Whilſt He his weighty Doctrines taught;
He made his liſt'ning Scholars ſtand,
Their Mouth ſtill cover'd with their Hand:

Leſt,

Elſe, may be, ſome odd-thinking Youth,
Leſs Friend to Doctrine than to Truth,
Might have refus'd to let his Ears
Attend the Muſick of the Spheres;
Deny'd all *tranſmigrating* Scenes,
And introduc'd the Uſe of Beans.

From great LUCRETIUS take His Void;
And all the World is quite deſtroy'd.
Deny DES-CART His ſubtil Matter;
You leave Him neither Fire, nor Water.
How odly would Sir ISAAC look,
If You, in Anſwer to his Book,
Say in the Front of your Diſcourſe,
That Things have no *Elaſtic* Force?
How could our *Chymic* Friends go on,
To find the *Philoſophic* Stone;
If You more pow'rful Reaſons bring,
To prove, that there is no ſuch Thing?

Your Chiefs in Sciences and Arts,
Have great Contempt of ALMA's Parts.
They find, She giddy is, or full;
She doubts, if Things are void, or dull:
And who ſhould be preſum'd to tell,
What She Her ſelf ſhould ſee, or feel?
She doubts, if two and two make four;
Tho' She has told them ten times o'er.

It can't——it may be——and it muſt:
To which of theſe muſt ALMA truſt?
Nay, further yet They make Her go,
In doubting, if She doubts, or no.
Can *Syllogyſm* ſet Things right?
No: *Majors* ſoon with *Minors* fight:
Or, Both in friendly Conſort join'd,
The *Conſequence* limps falſe behind.
So to ſome Cunning-Man She goes,
And asks of Him, how much She knows.
With Patience grave He hears Her ſpeak:
And from his ſhort Notes, gives Her back
What from her Tale He comprehended:
Thus the Diſpute is wiſely ended.

From the Account the Loſer brings,
The Conj'ror knows, who ſtole the Things.

'Squire (interrupted DICK) ſince when
Were You amongſt theſe Cunning-Men?

Dear DICK, quoth MAT, let not Thy Force
Of Eloquence ſpoil my Diſcourſe.
I tell Thee, this is ALMA's Caſe,
Still asking, what ſome Wiſe-man ſays,
Who does his Mind in Words reveal,
Which All muſt grant; tho' Few can ſpell.

You

You tell Your Doctor, that Y' are ill:
And what does He, but write a Bill,
Of which You need not read one Letter?
The worse the Scrawl, the Dose the better.
For if You knew but what You take;
Tho' You recover, He must break.

Ideas, *Forms*, and *Intellects*
Have furnish'd out three diff'rent Sects.
Substance, or *Accident* divides
All EUROPE into adverse Sides.

Now, as engag'd in Arms or Laws,
You must have Friends to back your Cause:
In *Philosophic* Matters so
Your Judgment must with others go.
For as in Senates, so in Schools,
Majority of Voices rules.

Poor ALMA, like a lonely Deer,
O'er Hills and Dales does doubtful err:
With panting Haste, and quick Surprise,
From ev'ry Leaf that stirs, She flies;
'Till mingl'd with the neighb'ring Herd,
She slights what erst She singly fear'd,
And now, exempt from Doubt and Dread,
She dares pursue; if They dare lead:

As Their Example ſtill prevails;
She tempts the Stream, or leaps the Pales.

He then, quoth DICK, who by Your Rule
Thinks for Himſelf, becomes a Fool.
As Party-Man who leaves the reſt,
Is call'd but *Whimſical* at Beſt.
Now, by Your Favour, Maſter MAT,
Like RALPHO, here I ſmell a Rat.
I muſt be liſted in Your Sect;
Who, tho' They teach not, can protect.
Right, RICHARD, MAT. in Triumph cri'd;
So put off all Miſtruſt and Pride.
And while My Principles I beg;
Pray anſwer only with Your Leg.
Believe what friendly I adviſe:
Be firſt ſecure; and then be wiſe.
The Man within the Coach that ſits,
And to another's Skill ſubmits,
Is ſafer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than He that drives.

So, DICK *Adept*, tuck back Thy Hair;
And I will pour into Thy Ear
Remarks, which None did e'er diſcloſe,
In ſmooth-pac'd Verſe, or hobling Proſe.
Attend, Dear DICK; but don't reply:
And Thou may'ſt prove as Wiſe as I.

When ALMA now in diff'rent Ages,
Has finiſh'd Her aſcending Stages;
Into the Head at length She gets,
And there in Public Grandeur ſits,
To judge of Things, and cenſure Wits.

Here, RICHARD, how could I explain,
The various Lab'rinths of the Brain?
Surpriſe My Readers, whilſt I tell 'em
Of *Cerebrum*, and *Cerebellum*?
How could I play the Commentator
On *Dura*, and on *Pia Mater*?
Where Hot and Cold, and Dry and Wet,
Strive each the t'other's Place to get;
And with inceſſant Toil and Strife,
Would keep Poſſeſſion during Life.
I could demonſtrate every Pore,
Where Mem'ry lays up all her Store;
And to an Inch compute the Station,
'Twixt Judgment, and Imagination.
O Friend! I could diſplay much Learning,
At leaſt to Men of ſmall Diſcerning.
The Brain contains ten thouſand Cells:
In each ſome active Fancy dwells;
Which always is at Work, and framing
The ſeveral Follies I was naming.
As in a Hive's vimineous Dome,
Ten thouſand Bees enjoy their Home;

Each

Each does her ſtudious Action vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry:
Each ſtill renews her little Labor;
Nor juſtles her aſſiduous Neighbour:
Each——whilſt this *Theſis* I maintain;
I fancy, DICK, I know thy Brain.
O with the mighty *Theme* affected,
Could I but ſee thy Head diſſected!

My Head, quoth DICK, to ſerve your Whim?
Spare That, and take ſome other Limb.
Sir, in your nice Affairs of *Syſtem*,
Wiſe Men propoſe; but Fools aſſiſt 'em.

Says MATTHEW: RICHARD, keep thy Head,
And hold thy Peace; and I'll proceed.

Proceed? quoth DICK: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.
When People once are in the Wrong;
Each Line they add, is much too long.
Who faſteſt walks, but walks aſtray,
Is only furtheſt from his Way.
Bleſs your Conceits! muſt I believe,
Howe'er abſurd, what You conceive;
And, for your Friendſhip, live and dye
A Papiſt in Philoſophy?
I ſay, whatever You maintain
Of ALMA in the Heart, or Brain;

The plaineſt Man alive may tell Ye,
Her Seat of Empire is the Belly:
From hence She ſends out thoſe Supplies,
Which make Us either ſtout or wiſe:
The Strength of ev'ry other Member,
Is founded on your Belly-Timber:
The Qualms or Raptures of your Blood
Riſe in proportion to your Food:
And if you would improve your Thought;
You muſt be fed, as well as taught.
Your Stomach makes your Fabric roll;
Juſt as the Biaſs rules the Bowl.
That great ACHILLES might imploy
The Strength, deſign'd to ruin TROY;
He Din'd on Lion's Marrow, ſpread
On Toaſts of Ammunition-Bread:
But by His Mother ſent away,
Amongſt the THRACIAN Girls to play,
Effeminate He ſat, and quiet:
Strange Product of a Cheeſe-cake Diet!
Now give my Argument fair Play;
And take the Thing the t'other Way:
The Youngſter, who at Nine and Three
Drinks with his Siſters Milk and Tea,
From Break-faſt reads, 'till twelve a Clock,
BURNET and HEYLYN, HOBBES and LOCK:
He pays due Viſits after Noon
To Couſin ALICE, and Uncle JOHN:

At

At Ten from Coffee-Houſe or Play
Returning, finiſhes the Day.
But give him Port, and potent Sack;
From *Milk-ſop* He ſtarts up *Mohack*:
Holds that the Happy know no Hours;
So thro' the Street at Midnight ſcow'rs:
Breaks Watch-men's Heads, and Chair-men's Glaſſes;
And thence proceeds to nicking Saſhes:
Till by ſome tougher Hand o'ercome,
And firſt knock'd down, and then led Home;
He damns the Foot-man, ſtrikes the Maid,
And decently reels up to Bed.

Obſerve the various Operations
Of Food, and Drink in ſeveral Nations.
Was ever TARTAR fierce or cruel,
Upon the Strength of Water-Gruel?
But who ſhall ſtand His Rage and Force;
If firſt he rides, then eats his Horſe?
Sallads, and Eggs, and lighter Fare
Tune the ITALIAN Spark's Guitar.
And, if I take *Dan* CONGREVE right;
Pudding and Beef make BRITONS fight.
TOKAY and COFFEE cauſe this Work,
Between the GERMAN and the TURK:
And Both, as They Proviſions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and Thirſt, or Guns and Swords
Give the ſame Death in diff'rent Words.
To puſh this Argument no further;
To ſtarve a Man, in Law, is Murther.

As in a WATCHE's fine Machine,
Tho' many artful Springs are ſeen;
The added Movements, which declare,
How full the Moon, how old the Year,
Derive their ſecondary Pow'r
From that, which ſimply points the Hour.
For, tho' theſe Gim-cracks were away;
(QUARE would not ſwear; but QUARE would ſay)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The Watch would ſtill a Watch remain:
But if the *Horal* Orbite ceaſes;
The whole ſtands ſtill, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was;
And You may e'en go ſell the Caſe:
So if unprejudic'd you ſcan
The Goings of this Clock-work, Man;
You find a hundred Movements made
By fine Devices in his Head:
But 'tis the Stomach's ſolid Stroke,
That tells his Being, what's a Clock.
If You take off his *Rhet'ric*-Trigger;
He talks no more in Mode and Figure:

Or clog his *Mathematic*-Wheel;
His Buildings fall; his Ship ſtands ſtill.
Or laſtly, break his *Politic*-Weight;
His Voice no longer rules the State.
Yet if theſe finer Whims were gone;
Your Clock, tho' plain, would ſtill go on:
But ſpoil the Engine of Digeſtion;
And You entirely change the Queſtion.
ALMA's Affairs no Pow'r can mend;
The Jeſt, alas! is at an End:
Soon ceaſes all this worldly Buſtle;
And you conſign the Corps to RUSSEL.

Now make your ALMA come or go,
From Leg to Hand, from Top to Toe;
Your *Syſtem*, without My Addition,
Is in a very ſad Condition.
So HARLEQUIN extoll'd his Horſe,
Fit for the War, or Road, or Courſe;
His Mouth was ſoft; his Eye was good;
His Foot was ſure as ever trod:
One Fault he had, a Fault indeed;
And what was that? The Horſe was Dead.

DICK, from theſe Inſtances and Fetches,
Thou mak'ſt of Horſes, Clocks, and Watches,
Quoth MAT, to Me thou ſeem'ſt to mean,
That ALMA is a mere *Machine*:

That telling others what's a Clock,
She knows not what Her ſelf has ſtruck;
But leaves to Standers-by the Tryal,
Of what is mark'd upon her Dial.

Here hold a Blow, good Friend, quoth DICK,
And rais'd his Voice exceeding quick:
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't You infer. In Argument
Similies are like Songs in Love:
They much deſcribe; they nothing prove.

MAT, who was here a little gravel'd,
Toſt up his Noſe, and would have cavil'd:
But calling HERMES to his Aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus He ſaid:

Where mind ('tis for the Author's Fame)
That MATTHEW call'd, and HERMES came.
In Danger Heroes, and in Doubt
Poets find Gods to help 'em out.

Friend RICHARD, I begin to ſee,
That You and I ſhall ſcarce agree.
Obſerve how odly you behave:
The more I grant, the more You crave.
But, Comrade, as I ſaid juſt now,
I ſhould affirm, and You allow.

We *Syſtem*-makers can ſuſtain
The *Theſis*, which, You grant, was plain;
And with Remarks and Comments teaze Ye;
In caſe the Thing before was eaſy.
But in a Point obſcure and dark,
We fight as LEIBNITS did with CLARK;
And when no Reaſon we can ſhow,
Why Matters This or That Way go;
The ſhorteſt Way the Thing We try,
And what We know not, We deny:
True to our own o'erbearing Pride,
And falſe to all the World beſide.

That old Philoſopher grew croſs,
Who could not tell what Motion was:
Becauſe He walk'd againſt his Will;
He fac'd Men down, that He ſtood ſtill.
And He who reading on the Heart
(When all his *Quodlibets* of Art
Could not expound it's Pulſe and Heat)
Swore, He had never felt it beat.
CHRYSIPPUS, foil'd by EPICURUS,
Makes bold (JOVE bleſs Him!) to aſſure Us,
That all things, which our Mind can view,
May be at once both falſe, and true.
And MALBRANCH has an odd Conceit,
As ever enter'd FRENCHMAN's Pate:

Says He, ſo little can our Mind
Of Matter, or of Spirit find,
That We by Gueſs, at leaſt, may gather
Something, which may be Both, or Neither.
Faith, DICK, I muſt confeſs, 'tis true
(But this is only *Entre Nous*)
That many knotty Points there are,
Which All diſcuſs, but Few can clear
As Nature ſlily had thought fit,
For ſome by-Ends, to croſs-bite Wit.
Circles to ſquare, and Cubes to double,
Would give a Man exceſſive Trouble:
The Longitude uncertain roams,
In ſpight of WH———N and his Bombs.
What *Syſtem*, DICK, has right averr'd
The Cauſe, why Woman has no Beard;
Or why, as Years our Frame attack,
Our Hair grows white, our Teeth grow black?
In Points like Theſe We muſt agree,
Our Barber knows as much as We.
Yet ſtill unable to explain,
We muſt perſiſt the beſt We can;
With Care our *Syſtems* ſtill renew,
And prove Things likely, tho' not true.

I could, Thou ſee'ſt, in quaint Diſpute,
By dint of *Logic* ſtrike Thee mute;

With

With learned Skill, now puſh, now parry,
From *Darii* to *Bocardo* vary,
And never yield, or what is worſt,
Never conclude the Point diſcours'd.
Yet, that You *hic & nunc* may know,
How much You to my Candor owe;
I'll from the Diſputant deſcend,
To ſhow Thee, I aſſume the Friend:
I'll take Thy Notion for my own———
(So moſt Philoſophers have done)
It makes my *Syſtem* more complete:
DICK, can it have a Nobler Fate?
Take what Thou wilt, ſaid DICK, Dear Friend;
But bring thy Matters to an End.

I find, quoth MAT, Reproof is vain:
Who firſt offend will firſt complain.
Thou wiſheſt, I ſhould make to Shoar;
Yet ſtill put'ſt in Thy thwarting Oar.
What I have told Thee fifty times
In Proſe, receive for once in Rhimes:
A huge fat Man in Countrey-Fair,
Or City-Church, (no matter where)
Labor'd and puſh'd amidſt the Croud,
Still bauling out extremely loud;
Lord ſave Us! why do People preſs?
Another marking his Diſtreſs,

Friendly reply'd; Plump Gentleman,
Get out as faſt as e'er You can:
Or ceaſe to puſh, or to exclaim:
You make the very Croud You blame.

Says DICK, your Moral does not need
The leaſt Return; ſo e'en proceed:
Your Tale, howe'er apply'd, was ſhort:
So far, at leaſt, I thank You for't.

MAT. took his Thanks, and in a Tone
More Magiſterial, thus went on.

Now ALMA ſettles in the Head;
As has before been ſung, or ſaid:
And here begins this Farce of Life;
Enter Revenge, Ambition, Strife:
Behold on both Sides Men advance,
To form in Earneſt BAYS's Dance.
L'AVARÉ not uſing Half his Store,
Still grumbles, that He has no more;
Strikes not the preſent Tun, for fear
The Vintage ſhould be bad next Year:
And eats To-day with inward Sorrow,
And Dread of fancy'd Want To-morrow.
Abroad if the *Sur-tout* You wear,
Repells the Rigor of the Air;

Would

Would You be warmer, if at Home
You had the Fabrick, and the Loom?
And if two Boots keep out the Weather;
What need You have two Hides of Leather?
Could PEDRO, think You, make no Tryal
Of a *Sonata* on his Viol,
Unleſs he had the total Gut,
Whence every String at firſt was cut?

When RARUS ſhows You his Carton;
He always tells You, with a Groan,
Where two of that ſame Hand were torn,
Long before You, or He were born.

Poor VENTO's Mind ſo much is croſt,
For Part of His PETRONIUS loſt;
That He can never take the Pains
To underſtand what yet remains.

What Toil did honeſt CURIO take?
What ſtrict Enquiries did He make,
To get one Medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his ROMAN Sett?
'Tis found: and O his happy Lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of Theſe no more You hear Him ſpeak:
He now begins upon the GREEK.

Theſe rang'd and ſhow'd, ſhall in their Turns
Remain obſcure, as in their Urns.
My Copper-Lamps at any Rate,
For being True Antique, I bought;
Yet wiſely melted down my Plate,
On Modern Models to be wrought:
And Trifles I alike purſue;
Becauſe They're Old; becauſe They're New.

DICK, I have ſeen You with Delight,
For GEORGY make a Paper-Kite.
And ſimple Odes too many ſhow Ye,
My ſervile Complaiſance to CLOE.
Parents and Lovers are decreed
By Nature Fools——That's brave indeed!
Quoth DICK: ſuch Truths are worth receiving:
Yet ſtill DICK look'd, as not believing.

Now, ALMA, to Divines and Proſe
I leave Thy Frauds, and Crimes, and Woes:
Nor think To-night of Thy Ill-Nature,
But of Thy Follies, Idle Creature,
The turns of Thy uncertain Wing,
And not the Malice of Thy Sting:
Thy Pride of being great and wiſe,
I do but mention, to deſpiſe.

I view with Anger and Diſdain,
How little gives Thee Joy, or Pain:
A Print, a *Bronze*, a Flow'r, a Root,
A Shell, a Butter-fly can do't.
Ev'n a Romance, a Tune, a Rhime
Help Thee to paſs the tedious Time,
Which elſe would on thy Hand remain:
Tho' flown, it ne'er looks back again.
And Cards are dealt, and Cheſs-boards brought,
To eaſe the Pain of Coward-Thought.
Happy Reſult of Human Wit!
That ALMA may Her ſelf forget.

DICK, thus We act; and thus We are,
Or toſs'd by Hope, or ſunk by Care.
With endleſs Pain This Man purſues.
What, if he gain'd, He could not uſe:
And T'other fondly Hopes to ſee
What never was, nor e'er ſhall be.
We err by Uſe, go wrong by Rules,
In Geſture grave, in Action Fools:
We join Hypocriſie to Pride,
Doubling the Faults, We ſtrive to hide.
Or grant, that with extreme Surprize,
We find our ſelves at Sixty wiſe;
And twenty pretty Things are known,
Of which we can't accompliſh One;

Whilſt, as my *Syſtem* ſays, the Mind
Is to theſe upper Rooms confin'd:
Should I, my Friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd Senſe, her fond Conceit;
The Bede-roll of her vicious Tricks;
My Poem would be too prolix.
For could I my Remarks ſuſtain,
Like SOCRATES, or MILES MONTAIGNE;
Who in theſe Times would read my Books,
But TOM o' STILES, or JOHN o' NOKES?

As BRENTFORD Kings diſcrete and wiſe,
After long Thought and grave Advice,
Into LARDELLA's Coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cauſe their Mirth or Weeping:
So ALMA now to Joy or Grief
Superior, finds her late Relief:
Weary'd of being High, or Great,
And nodding in her Chair of State;
Stun'd and worn out with endleſs Chat,
Of WILL did this, and NAN ſaid that;
She finds, poor Thing, ſome little Crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, muſt make;
Thro' which She wings her deſtin'd Way:
Upward She ſoars; and down drops Clay:
While ſome ſurviving Friend ſupplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred Lies.

O RICHARD, 'till that Day appears,
Which muſt decide our Hopes and Fears:
Would FORTUNE calm her preſent Rage,
And give us Play-things for our Age:
Would CLOTHO waſh her Hands in Milk,
And twiſt our Thread with Gold and Silk:
Would She in Friendſhip, Peace, and Plenty,
Spin out our Years to four times Twenty:
And ſhould We both in this Condition,
Have conquer'd Love, and worſe Ambition
(Elſe thoſe two Paſſions, by the way,
May chance to ſhow us ſcurvy Play:)
Then RICHARD, then ſhould We ſit down,
Far from the Tumult of this Town:
I fond of my well-choſen Seat,
My Pictures, Medals, Books compleat:
Or ſhould We mix our friendly Talk,
O'er-ſhaded in that Fav'rite Walk;
Which Thy own Hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought We wanted:
Yet then, ev'n then one croſs Reflection
Would ſpoil Thy Grove, and My Collection:
Thy Son and his, e'er that, may die;
And Time ſome uncouth Heir ſupply;
Who ſhall for nothing elſe be known,
But ſpoiling All, that Thou haſt done.

Who ſet the Twigs, ſhall He remember,
That is in Haſt to ſell the Timber?
And what ſhall of thy Woods remain,
Except the Box that threw the Main?

Nay may not Time and Death remove
The near Relations, whom I love?
And my Coz TOM, or his Coz MARY
(Who hold the Plough, or skim the Dairy)
My Fav'rite Books and Pictures ſell
To SMART, or DOILEY by the Ell?
Kindly throw in a little Figure,
And ſet their Price upon the bigger?
Thoſe who could never read their Grammar,
When my dear Volumes touch the Hammer,
May think Books beſt, as richeſt bound.
My Copper Medals by the Pound
May be with learned Juſtice weigh'd:
To turn the Ballance, OTHO's Head
May be thrown in; And for the Mettle,
The Coin may mend a Tinker's Kettle———

Tir'd with theſe Thoughts——Leſs tir'd than I,
Quoth DICK, with Your Philoſophy——
That People live and dye, I knew
An hour ago, as well as You.

And if Fate ſpins Us longer Years,
Or is in haſte to take the Shears;
I know, We muſt Both Fortunes try,
And bear our Evils, wet or dry.
Yet let the Goddeſs ſmile, or frown;
Bread We ſhall eat, or white, or brown:
And in a Cottage, or a Court,
Drink fine *Champaigne*, or muddl'd *Port*.
What need of Books theſe Truths to tell,
Which Folks perceive, who cannot ſpell?
And muſt We Spectacles apply,
To view, what hurts our naked Eye?

Sir, if it be Your Wiſdom's Aim,
To make Me merrier than I am;
I'll be all Night at Your Devotion——
Come on, Friend; broach the pleaſing Notion:
But if You would depreſs my Thought;
Your *Syſtem* is not worth a Groat——

For PLATO's Fancies what care I?
I hope You would not have me die,
Like ſimple CATO in the Play,
For any Thing that He can ſay?
E'en let Him of *Ideas* ſpeak
To Heathens in his Native GREEK.

If to be ſad is to be wiſe;
I do moſt heartily deſpiſe
Whatever SOCRATES has ſaid,
Or TULLY writ, or WANLEY read.

Dear DRIFT, to ſet our Matters right,
Remove theſe Papers from my Sight;
Burn MAT's DES-CART', and ARISTOTLE:
Here, JONATHAN, Your Maſter's Bottle.

SO;

SOLOMON.

SOLOMON.

SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY

OF THE

WORLD.

A

POEM

In THREE BOOKS

Ὁ Βίος γὰρ ὄνομ' ἔχει, πόνος δ' ἔργῳ πέλει. Eurip.

Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repuerascam, & in cunis vagiam, valdè recusem. Cic. de Senect:

The *bewailing of Man's Miseries* hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by Many, in the Writings as well of Philosophers, as Divines. And it is both a pleasant and a profitable Contemplation.

Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning.*

Printed in the Year M DCC XXI.

ON THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A POEM

In THREE BOOKS.

THE PREFACE.

IT is hard for a Man to ſpeak of himſelf with any tolerable Satisfaction or Succeſs: He can be no more pleaſed in blaming himſelf, than in reading a Satyr made on him by another: and though He may juſtly deſire, that a Friend ſhould praiſe him; yet if He makes his own Panegyric, He will get very Few to read it. It is harder for him to ſpeak of his own Writings. An Author is in the Condition of a Culprit: *the Public are his Judges: by allowing too much, and condeſcending too far, He may injure his own*

Cauſe, and become a kind of Felo de ſe; *and by Pleading and Aſſerting too boldly, He may diſpleaſe the Court that ſits upon him: His Apology may only heighten his Accuſation. I woula avoid theſe Extremes: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the Reader with a long Preface, before he enters upon an indifferent Poem; I would ſay ſomething to perſwade him to take it as it is, or to excuſe it for not being better.*

The Noble Images and Reflections, the profound Reaſonings upon Human Actions, and excellent Precepts for the Government of Life, which are found in the PROVERBS, ECCLESIASTES, *and other Books commonly attributed to* SOLOMON, *afford Subjects for finer Poems in every Kind, than have, I think, as yet appeared in the* GREEK, LATIN, *or any Modern Language: How far They were Verſe in their Original, is a Diſſertation not to be entred into at preſent.*

Out

Out of this great Treaſure, which lies heaped up together in a confuſed Magnificence, above all Order, I had a Mind to collect and digeſt ſuch Obſervations, and Apophthegms, as moſt particularly tend to the Proof of that great Aſſertion, laid down in the beginning of ECCLESIASTES, ALL IS VANITY.

Upon the Subject thus choſen, ſuch various Images preſent themſelves to a Writer's Mind, that He muſt find it eaſier to judge, what ſhould be rejected, than what ought to be received. The Difficulty lies in drawing, and diſpoſing; or (as the Painters term it) in grouping *ſuch a Multitude of different Objects, preſerving ſtill the Juſtice and Conformity of Style and Coloring, the* ſimplex dumtaxat & unum, *which* HORACE *preſcribes, as requiſite to make the whole Picture beautiful and perfect.*

As Precept, however true in Theory, or useful in Practice, would be but dry and tedious in Verse, especially if the Recital be long; I found it necessary to form some Story, and give a kind of Body to the Poem. Under what Species it may be comprehended, whether Didascalic, *or* Heroic, *I leave to the Judgment of the Critics; desiring them to be favourable in their Censure; and not sollicitous what the Poem is called, provided it may be accepted.*

The chief Personage or Character in the Epic, *is always proportioned to the Design of the Work, to carry on the Narration, and the Moral.* HOMER *intended to shew us in his* Iliad, *that Dissentions amongst great Men obstruct the Execution of the noblest Enterprizes, and tend to the Ruin of a State or Kingdom. His* ACHILLES *therefore is haughty, and passionate, impatient of any Restraint by Laws,*

Laws, and arrogant in Arms. In His Odyſſes *the ſame Poet endeavours to explain, that the hardeſt Difficulties may be overcome by Labor, and our Fortune reſtored after the ſevereſt Afflictions.* ULYSSES *therefore is valiant, virtuous, and patient.* VIRGIL's *Deſign was to tell us, how from a ſmall Colony eſtabliſhed by the* TROJANS *in* ITALY, *the* ROMAN *Empire roſe, and from what antient Families* AUGUSTUS *(who was His Prince and Patron) deſcended. His Hero therefore was to fight his Way to the Throne, ſtill diſtinguiſh'd and protected by the Favor of the Gods. The Poet to this End takes off from the Vices of* ACHILLES, *and adds to the Virtues of* ULYSSES; *from both perfecting a Character proper for his Work in the Perſon of* ÆNEAS.

As VIRGIL *copy'd after* HOMER, *other* Epic *Poets have copied after them both.* TASSO's Gieruſalemme

Liberata *is directly* Troy Town *Sacked; with this Difference only, that the two chief Characters in* Homer, *which the* Latin *Poet had joined in One, the* Italian *has ſeparated in his* Godfrey *and* Rinaldo: *but He makes them both carry on his Work with very great Succeſs.* Ronsard's Franciade, (*incomparably good as far as it goes*) *is again* Virgil's Æneis. *His Hero comes from a Foreign Country, ſettles a Colony, and lays the Foundation of a future Empire. I inſtance in theſe, as the greateſt* Italian *and* French *Poets in the* Epic. *In our Language* Spenser *has not contented himſelf with this ſubmiſſive Manner of Imitation: He lanches out into very flowery Paths, which ſtill ſeem to conduct him into one great Road. His* Fairy Queen (*had it been finiſhed*) *muſt have ended in the Account, which every Knight was to*

give

give of his Adventures, and in the accumulated Praiſes of his Heroine GLORIANA. *The Whole would have been an* Heroic *Poem, but in another Caſt and Figure, than any that had ever been written before. Yet it is obſervable, that every Hero (as far as We can judge by the Books ſtill remaining) bears his diſtinguiſhed Character, and repreſents ſome particular Virtue conducive to the whole Deſign.*

To bring this to our preſent Subject: The Pleaſures of Life do not compenſate the Miſeries: Age ſteals upon Us unawares; and Death, as the only Cure of our Ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This Inſtruction is to be illuſtrated by the Action of ſome great Perſon. Who therefore more proper for the Buſineſs, than SOLOMON *himſelf? And why may He not be ſuppoſed now to repeat what, We take it for granted, He*

acted almoſt three thouſand Years ſince? If in the fair Situation where this Prince was placed, He was acquainted with Sorrow; If endowed with the greateſt Perfections of Nature, and poſſeſs'd of all the Advantages of external Condition, He could not find Happineſs; the reſt of Mankind may ſafely take the Monarch's Word for the Truth of what He aſſerts. And the Author who would perſwade, that We ſhould bear the Ills of Life patiently, meerly becauſe SOLOMON *felt the ſame, has a better Argument, than* LUCRETIUS *had; when in his imperious way, He at once convinces and commands, that We ought to ſubmit to Death without repining, becauſe* EPICURUS *died.*

The whole Poem is a Soliloquy: SOLOMON *is the Perſon that ſpeaks: He is at once the Hero and the Author; but He tells Us very often what others ſay to Him. Thoſe chiefly introduced are*

are His Rabbies and Philoſophers in the Firſt Book, and His Women and their Attendants in the Second: With Theſe the Sacred Hiſtory mention Him to have converſed; as likewiſe with the Angel brought down in the Third Book, to help Him out of His Difficulties, or at leaſt to teach Him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus.

I preſume this Poetical Liberty may be very juſtly allowed Me on ſo ſolemn an Occaſion.

In my Deſcription I have endeavoured to keep to the Notions and Manners of the JEWISH *Nation, at the time when* SOLOMON *lived: And where I allude to the Cuſtoms of the* GREEKS, *I believe I may be juſtified by the ſtricteſt* Chronology; *though a Poet is not obliged to the Rules, that*

confine an Hiſtorian. VIRGIL *has anticipated Two hundred Years; or the* TROJAN *Hero and* CARTHAGINIAN *Queen could not have been brought together: And without the ſame* Anachroniſm *ſeveral of the fineſt Parts of his* Æneis *muſt have been omitted. Our Country-man* MILTON *goes yet further. He takes up many of his Material Images ſome Thouſands of Years after the Fall of Man: Nor could He otherwiſe have written, or We read one of the ſublimeſt Pieces of Invention that was ever yet produced. This likewiſe takes off the Objection, that ſome Names of Countries, Terms of Art, and Notions in Natural Philoſophy are otherwiſe expreſſed, than can be warranted by the* Geography *or* Aſtronomy *of* SOLOMON's *Time. Poets are allowed the ſame Liberty in their Deſcriptions and Compariſons, as Painters in their Draperies and Ornaments: Their Perſonages may be*

dreſs'd,

dreſs'd, not exactly in the ſame Habits which they wore, but in ſuch as make them appear moſt graceful. In this caſe Probability muſt attone for the want of Truth. This Liberty has indeed been abuſed by Eminent Maſters in either Science. RAPHAEL *and* TASSO *have ſhewed their Diſcretion, where* PAUL VERONESE *and* ARIOSTO *are to anſwer for their Extravagancies. It is the Exceſs, not the Thing it ſelf, that is blameable.*

I would ſay one Word of the Meaſure, in which This, and moſt Poems of the Age are written. Heroic *with continued Rhime, as* DONNE *and his Contemporaries uſed it, carrying the Senſe of one Verſe moſt commonly into another, was found too diſſolute and wild, and came very often too near Proſe. As* DAVENANT *and* WALLER *corrected, and* DRYDEN *perfected it; It is too Confined: It cuts off the Senſe at the end of every firſt Line,*

which

which muſt always rhime to the next following; and conſequently produces too frequent an Identity in the Sound, and brings every Couplet to the Point of an Epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the Sentiments and repreſent the Images proper for Epic. *And as it tires the Writer while he compoſes, it muſt do the ſame to the Reader while he repeats; eſpecially in a Poem of any conſiderable length.*

If ſtriking out into Blank Verſe, *as* MILTON *did (and in this kind Mr.* PHILIPPS, *had He lived, would have excelled) or running the Thought into* Alternate *and* Stanza, *which allows a greater Variety, and ſtill preſerves the Dignity of the Verſe; as* SPENSER *and* FAIRFAX *have done; If either of theſe, I ſay, be a proper Remedy for my Poetical Complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only enquiring, in*

order

order to be better informed; without preſuming to direct the Judgment of Others. And while I am ſpeaking of the Verſe it ſelf, I give all juſt Praiſe to many of my Friends now living; who have in Epic *carried the Harmony of their Numbers as far, as the Nature of this Meaſure will permit. But once more; He that writes in Rhimes, dances in Fetters: And as his Chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger Steps.*

I need make no Apology for the ſhort Digreſſive Panegyric *upon* GREAT BRITAIN, *in the Firſt Book: I am glad to have it obſerved, that there appears throughout all my Verſes a Zeal for the Honor of my Country: and I had rather be thought a good* Engliſh-man, *than the beſt Poet, or greateſt Scholar that ever wrote.*

And now, as to the publiſhing of this Piece, though I have in a literal Senſe obſerved HORACE's Nonum

prematur in Annum; *yet have I by no means obeyed our Poetical Law-giver, according to the Spirit of the Precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid aſide much longer than the Term preſcribed; but in the mean time I had little Leiſure, and leſs Inclination to reviſe or print it. The frequent Interruptions I have met with in my private Studies, and great Variety of Public Life, in which I have been imployed; my Thoughts (ſuch as they are) having generally been expreſſed in Foreign Language, and even formed by a Habitude very different from what the Beauty and Elegance of* Engliſh Poetry *requires: All Theſe, and ſome other Circumſtances, which we had as good paſs by at preſent, do juſtly contribute to make my Excuſe in this Behalf very plauſible. Far indeed from deſigning to print, I had locked up theſe Papers in my* Scritoire, *there to lie in Peace, 'till my Executors might*

have

have taken Them out. What altered this Deſign; or how my Scritoire *came to be unlocked before my Coffin was nailed; is the Queſtion. The true Reaſon I take to be the beſt: Many of my Friends of the firſt Quality, fineſt Learning, and greateſt Underſtanding, have wreſted the Key from my Hands by a very kind and irreſiſtible Violence: And the Poem is publiſhed, not without my Conſent indeed, but a little againſt my Opinion; and with an implicite Submiſſion to the Partiality of Their Judgment.. As I give up here the Fruits of many of my vacant Hours to Their Amuſement and Pleaſure; I ſhall always think my ſelf happy, if I may dedicate my moſt ſerious Endeavours to Their Intereſt and Service. And I am proud to finiſh this Preface by ſaying, that the Violence of many Enemies, whom I never juſtly offended, is abundantly recompenſed by the Goodneſs of more Friends,*

whom

whom I can never ſufficiently oblige. And if I here aſſume the Liberty of mentioning My Lord HARLEY *and Lord* BATHURST *as the Authors of this Amicable Confederacy, among All Thoſe, whoſe Names do me great Honor at the beginning of my Book, in the Folio Edition: Theſe Two only ought to be angry with me; for I diſobey their poſitive Order, whilſt I make even this ſmall Acknowledgment of their particular Kindneſs.*

KNOW-

KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *ſeeking Happineſs from* Knowledge, *convenes the Learned Men of His Kingdom; requires them to explain to Him the various Operations and Effects of Nature; diſcourſes of Vegetables, Animals, and Man; propoſes ſome Queſtions concerning the Origin, and Situation of the habitable Earth; proceeds to examine the* Syſtem *of the viſible Heaven; doubts if there may not be a Plurality of Worlds; enquires into the Nature of Spirits and Angels; and wiſhes to be more fully informed, as to the Attributes of the Supreme* Being. *He is imperfectly anſwered by the* Rabbins, *and Doctors; blames His own Curioſity; and concludes, that as to Human Science,* ALL IS VANITY.

TEXTS

TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this* BOOK.

The Words of the Preacher, the Son of DAVID, King of JERUSALEM. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. I. Verſ. 1.

Vanity of Vanities, ſaith the Preacher, Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity. Verſ. 2.

I communed with mine own Heart, ſaying, lo, I am come to great Eſtate, and have gotten more Wiſdom, than all they that have been before me in JERUSALEM: Yea my Heart had great Experience of Wiſdom and Knowledge. Verſ. 16.

He ſpake of Trees, from the *Cedar*-tree that is in LEBANON, even unto the *Hyſſop* that ſpringeth out of the Wall: he ſpake alſo of Beaſts, and of Fowl, and of creeping Things, and of Fiſhes. 1 KINGS, Chap. IV. Verſ. 33.

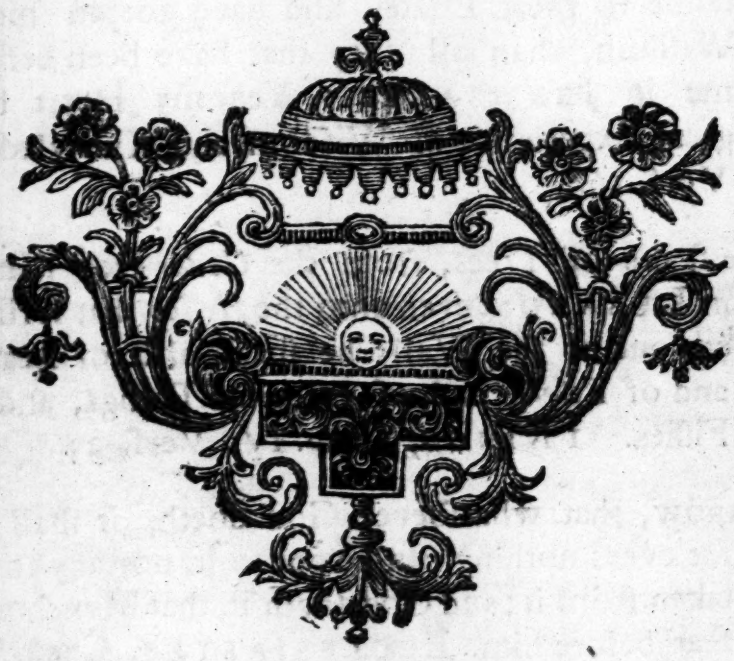
I know, that whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men ſhould fear before him. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. III. Verſ. 14.

He

He hath made every *thing* beautiful in his time: Alſo he hath ſet the World in their Heart, ſo that no Man can find out the Work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. Verſ. 11.

For in much Wiſdom is much Grief: and He that increaſeth Knowledge, increaſeth Sorrow. Chap. I. Verſ. 18.

And further, by theſe, my Son, be admoniſhed: of making many Books there is no End; and much Study is a wearineſs of the Fleſh. Chap. XII. Verſ. 12.



KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.

YE Sons of Men, with juſt Regard attend,
Obſerve the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whoſe ſerious Muse inſpires him to explain,
That all we Act, and all we Think is Vain.
That in this Pilgrimage of Seventy Years,
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Tears
Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
Tir'd with the Toil, yet fearful of it's End.
That from the Womb We take our fatal Shares
Of Follies, Paſſions, Labors, Tumults, Cares;

And

And at Approach of Death ſhall only know
The Truths, which from theſe penſive Numbers flow,
That We purſue falſe Joy, and ſuffer real Woe.

Happineſs, Object of that waking Dream,
Which we call Life, miſtaking; Fugitive Theme
Of my purſuing Verſe, Ideal Shade,
Notional Good, by Fancy only made,
And by Tradition nurs'd, fallacious Fire,
Whoſe dancing Beams miſ-lead our fond Deſire,
Cauſe of our Care, and Error of our Mind:
O! had'ſt Thou ever been by Heav'n deſign'd
To ADAM, and his Mortal Race; the Boon
Entire had been reſerv'd for SOLOMON:
On Me the partial Lot had been beſtow'd;
And in my Cup the golden Draught had flow'd.

But O! e'er yet Original Man was made;
E'er the Foundations of this Earth were laid;
It was, opponent to our Search, ordain'd,
That Joy, ſtill ſought, ſhould never be attain'd.
This, ſad Experience cites me to reveal;
And what I dictate, is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great DAVID's fav'rite Son,
Dear to my People, on the HEBREW Throne
Sublime, my Court with OPHIR's Treaſures bleſt,
My Name extended to the fartheſt Eaſt,

My

My Body cloth'd with ev'ry outward Grace,
Strength in my Limbs, and Beauty in my Face,
My ſhining Thought with fruitful Notions crown'd,
Quick my Invention, and my Judgment ſound.
Ariſe (I commun'd with my ſelf) ariſe;
Think, to be Happy; to be Great, be Wiſe:
Content of Spirit muſt from Science flow;
For 'tis a Godlike Attribute, to Know.

I ſaid; and ſent my Edict thro' the Land:
Around my Throne the Letter'd *Rabbins* ſtand,
Hiſtoric Leaves revolve, long Volumes ſpread,
The Old diſcourſing, as the Younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and ſaid:

The *Vegetable* World, each Plant, and Tree,
It's Seed, it's Name, it's Nature, it's Degree
I am allow'd, as FAME reports, to know,
From the fair *Cedar*, on the craggy Brow
Of LEBANON nodding ſupremely tall,
To creeping *Moſs*, and *Hyſſop* on the Wall:
Yet juſt and conſcious to my ſelf, I find
A thouſand Doubts oppoſe the ſearching Mind.

I know not why the *Beach* delights the Glade
With Boughs extended, and a rounder Shade;
Whilſt tow'ring *Firrs* in *Conic* forms ariſe,
And with a pointed Spear divide the Skies:

Nor why again the changing *Oak* ſhould ſhed
The Yearly Honour of his ſtately Head;
Whilſt the diſtinguiſh'd *Yew* is ever ſeen,
Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green.
Wanting the Sun why does the *Caltha* fade?
Why does the *Cypreſs* flouriſh in the Shade?
The *Fig* and *Date*, why love they to remain
In middle Station, and an even Plain;
While in the lower Marſh the *Gourd* is found;
And while the Hill with *Olive*-ſhade is crown'd?
Why does one Climate, and one Soil endue
The bluſhing *Poppy* with a crimſon Hue;
Yet leave the *Lilly* pale, and tinge the *Violet* blue?
Why does the fond *Carnation* love to ſhoot
A various Colour from one Parent Root;
While the fantaſtic *Tulip* ſtrives to break
In two-fold Beauty, and a parted Streak?
The twining *Jaſmine*, and the bluſhing *Roſe*,
With laviſh Grace their Morning Scents diſcloſe:
The ſmelling *Tub'roſe* and *Junquele* declare,
The ſtronger Impulſe of an Evening Air.
Whence has the Tree (reſolve me) or the Flow'r
A various Inſtinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r?
Why ſhould one Earth, one Clime, one Stream, one Breath
Raiſe this to Strength, and ſicken That to Death?

Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well
We name the *Senſitive*, ſhould move and feel?

Whence

Whence know her Leaves to anſwer her Command,
And with quick Horror fly the Neighb'ring Hand?

Along the Sunny Bank, or wat'ry Mead,
Ten thouſand Stalks their various Bloſſoms ſpread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confeſs'd Magnificence deride
Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride.
The *Cowſlip* ſmiles, in brighter yellow dreſs'd,
Than That which veils the nubile Virgin's Breaſt.
A fairer Red ſtands bluſhing in the *Roſe*,
Than That which on the Bridegroom's Veſtment flows.
Take but the humbleſt *Lilly* of the Field;
And if our Pride will to our Reaſon yield,
It muſt by ſure Compariſon be ſhown,
That on the Regal Seat great DAVID's Son,
Array'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,
Shines with leſs Glory, than that ſimple Flow'r.

Of Fiſhes next, my Friends, I would enquire,
How the mute Race engender, or reſpire;
From the ſmall Fry that glide on JORDAN's Stream
Unmark'd, a Multitude without a Name,
To that *Leviathan*, who o'er the Seas
Immenſe rolls onward his impetuous Ways,
And mocks the Wind, and in the Tempeſt plays.

How They in warlike Bands march greatly forth
From freezing Waters, and the colder North,
To Southern Climes directing their Career,
Their Station changing with th' inverted Year.
How all with careful Knowledge are indu'd,
To chuſe their proper Bed, and Wave, and Food:
To guard their Spawn, and educate their Brood.

Of Birds, how each according to her Kind
Proper Materials for her Neſt can find;
And build a Frame, which deepeſt Thought in Man
Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
How in ſmall Flights They know to try their Young,
And teach the callow Child her Parent's Song.
Why theſe frequent the Plain, and thoſe the Wood.
Why ev'ry Land has her ſpecific Brood.
Where the tall *Crane*, or winding *Swallow* goes,
Fearful of gathering Winds, and falling Snows:
If into Rocks, or hollow Trees they creep,
In temporary Death confin'd to Sleep;
Or conſcious of the coming Evil, fly
To milder Regions, and a Southern Sky.

Of Beaſts and creeping Inſects ſhall we trace
The wond'rous Nature, and the various Race;
Or wild or tame, or Friend to Man or Foe,
Of Us what They, or what of Them We know?

Tell

Tell me, Ye ſtudious, who pretend to ſee
Far into Nature's Boſom, whence the *Bee*
Was firſt inform'd her vent'rous Flight to ſteer
Thro' tracTleſs Paths, and an Abyſs of Air.
Whence She avoids the ſlimy Marſh, and knows
The fertile Hills, where ſweeter Herbage grows,
And Hony-making Flow'rs their opening Buds diſcloſe.
How from the thicken'd Miſt, and ſetting Sun
Finds She the Labor of her Day is done?
Who taught Her againſt Winds and Rains to ſtrive,
To bring her Burden to the certain Hive,
And thro' the liquid Fields again to paſs
Dutious, and hark'ning to the ſounding Braſs?

And, O Thou Sluggard, tell me why the *Ant*
'Midſt Summer's Plenty thinks of Winter's Want:
By conſtant Journies careful to prepare
Her Stores; and bringing home the Corny Ear,
By what Inſtruction does She bite the Grain,
Leſt hid in Earth, and taking Root again,
It might elude the Foreſight of her Care?
Diſtinct in either Inſect's Deed appear
The marks of Thought, Contrivance, Hope, and Fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal Eye
On the Young *Gnat*, or new-engender'd *Fly*;
On the vile *Worm*, that Yeſterday began
To crawl; Thy Fellow-Creatures, abject Man!

Like Thee they breath, they move, they taſt, they ſee,
They ſhow their Paſſions by their Acts like Thee:
Darting their Stings, they previouſly declare
Deſign'd Revenge, and fierce intent of War:
Laying their Eggs, they evidently prove
The Genial Pow'r, and full Effect of Love.
Each then has Organs to digeſt his Food,
One to beget, and one receive the Brood:
Has Limbs and Sinews, Blood, and Heart, and Brain,
Life and her proper Functions to ſuſtain;
Tho' the whole Fabric ſmaller than a Grain.
What more can our penurious Reaſon grant
To the large *Whale*, or Caſtled *Elephant*,
To thoſe enormous Terrors of the NILE,
The creſted *Snake*, and long-tail'd *Crocodile*,
Than that all differ but in Shape and Name,
Each deſtin'd to a leſs, or larger Frame?

For potent Nature loves a various Act,
Prone to enlarge, or ſtudious to contract:
Now forms her Work too ſmall, now too immenſe,
And ſcorns the Meaſures of our feeble Senſe.
The Object ſpread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies it's real Image to the Eye:
Too little, it eludes the dazl'd Sight;
Becomes mixt Blackneſs, or unparted Light.
Water and Air the varied Form confound;
The Strait looks crooked, and the Square grows round.

Thus

Thus while with fruitleſs Hope, and weary Pain,
We ſeek great Nature's Pow'r, but ſeek in vain;
Safe ſits the Goddeſs in her dark Retreat;
Around Her, Myriads of *Ideas* wait,
And endleſs Shapes, which the Myſterious Queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain:
As from our loſt Purſuit She wills to hide
Her cloſe Decrees, and chaſten human Pride.

Untam'd and fierce the *Tiger* ſtill remains:
He tires his Life in biting on his Chains:
For the kind Gifts of Water, and of Food,
Ungrateful, and returning Ill for Good,
He ſeeks his Keeper's Fleſh, and thirſts his Blood:
While the ſtrong *Camel*, and the gen'rous *Horſe*,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior Force,
Do to the Rider's Will their Rage ſubmit,
And anſwer to the Spur, and own the Bit;
Stretch their glad Mouths to meet the Feeder's Hand,
Pleas'd with his Weight, and proud of his Command.

Again: the lonely *Fox* roams far abroad,
On ſecret Rapin bent, and Midnight Fraud;
Now haunts the Cliff, now traverſes the Lawn;
And flies the hated Neighborhood of Man:
While the kind *Spaniel*, and the faithful *Hound*,
Likeſt that *Fox* in Shape and Species found,

Refuſes thro' theſe Cliffs and Lawns to roam;
Purſues the noted Path, and covets home;
Does with kind Joy Domeſtic Faces meet;
Takes what the glutted Child denies to eat;
And dying, licks his long-lov'd Maſter's Feet.

By what immediate Cauſe They are inclin'd,
In many Acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I ſee in others, or I think I ſee,
That ſtrict their Principles, and our's agree.
Evil like Us they ſhun, and covet Good;
Abhor the Poiſon, and receive the Food.
Like Us they love or hate: like Us they know,
To joy the Friend, or grapple with the Foe.
With ſeeming Thought their Action they intend,
And uſe the Means proportion'd to the End.
Then vainly the Philoſopher avers,
That Reaſon guides our Deed, and Inſtinct their's.
How can We juſtly diff'rent Cauſes frame,
When the Effects entirely are the ſame?
Inſtinct and Reaſon how can we divide?
'Tis the Fool's Ign'rance, and the Pedant's Pride.

With the ſame Folly ſure, Man vaunts his Sway;
If the brute Beaſt refuſes to Obey.
For tell me, when the empty Boaſter's Word
Proclaims himſelf the Univerſal Lord;

Does He not tremble, leſt the *Lion*'s Paw
Should join his Plea againſt the fancy'd Law?
Would not the Learned Coward leave the Chair;
If in the Schools or Porches ſhould appear
The fierce *Hyæna*, or the foaming *Bear*?

The Combatant too late the Field declines;
When now the Sword is girded to his Loins.
When the ſwift Veſſel flies before the Wind;
Too late the Sailor views the Land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the Wing;
Forward She ſtrives, averſe to be withheld
From nobler Objects, and a larger Field.

Conſider with me this Ætherial Space,
Yielding to Earth and Sea the middle Place.
Anxious I ask Ye, how the Penſile Ball
Should never ſtrive to riſe, nor fear to fall.
When I reflect, how the revolving Sun
Does round our Globe his crooked Journies run;
I doubt of many Lands, if they contain
Or Herd of Beaſt, or Colony of Man:
If any Nations paſs their deſtin'd Days
Beneath the neigh'bring Sun's directer Rays:
If any ſuffer on the Polar Coaſt,
The Rage of ARCTOS, and eternal Froſt.

May not the Pleaſure of Omnipotence
To each of Theſe ſome ſecret Good diſpenſe?
Thoſe who amidſt the Torrid Regions live,
May they not Gales unknown to us receive;
See daily Show'rs rejoice the thirſty Earth,
And bleſs the flow'ry Buds ſucceeding Birth?
May they not pity Us, condemn'd to bear
The various Heav'n of an obliquer Sphere;
While by fix'd Laws, and with a juſt Return,
They feel twelve Hours that ſhade, for twelve that burn;
And praiſe the neighb'ring Sun, whoſe conſtant Flame
Enlightens them with Seaſons ſtill the ſame?
And may not Thoſe, whoſe diſtant Lot is caſt
North beyond TARTARY's extended Waſte;
Where thro' the Plains of one continual Day,
Six ſhining Months purſue their even Way;
And Six ſucceeding urge their dusky Flight,
Obſcur'd with Vapors and o'erwhelm'd in Night:
May not, I ask, the Natives of theſe Climes
(As Annals may inform ſucceeding Times)
To our Quotidian Change of Heav'n prefer
Their own Viciſſitude, and equal Share
Of Day and Night, diſparted thro' the Year?
May they not ſcorn our Sun's repeated Race,
To narrow bounds preſcrib'd, and little ſpace,
Haſt'ning from Morn, and headlong driv'n from Noon,
Half of our Daily Toil yet ſcarcely done?

May they not juſtly to our Climes upbraid
Shortneſs of Night, and Penury of Shade:
That e'er our weary'd Limbs are juſtly bleſt
With wholeſom Sleep, and neceſſary Reſt;
Another Sun demands return of Care,
The remnant Toil of Yeſterday to bear?
Whilſt, when the Solar Beams ſalute their Sight,
Bold and ſecure in half a Year of Light,
Uninterrupted Voyages they take
To the remoteſt Wood, and fartheſt Lake;
Manage the Fiſhing, and purſue the Courſe
With more extended Nerves, and more continu'd Force.
And when declining Day forſakes their Sky;
When gath'ring Clouds ſpeak gloomy Winter nigh;
With Plenty for the coming Seaſon bleſt,
Six ſolid Months (an Age) they live, releas'd
From all the Labor, Proceſs, Clamor, Woe,
Which our ſad Scenes of daily Action know:
They light the ſhining Lamp, prepare the Feaſt,
And with full Mirth receive the welcome Gueſt:
Or tell their tender Loves (the only Care
Which now they ſuffer) to the liſt'ning Fair;
And rais'd in Pleaſure, or repos'd in Eaſe
(Grateful Alternates of ſubſtantial Peace)
They bleſs the long Nocturnal Influence ſhed
On the crown'd Goblets, and the Genial Bed.

In foreign Iſles which our Diſcov'rers find,
Far from this length of Continent disjoin'd,
The rugged *Bears*, or ſpotted *Lynx*'s Brood,
Frighten the Vallies, and infeſt the Wood:
The hungry *Crocodile*, and hiſſing *Snake*
Lurk in the troubl'd Stream and fenny Brake:
And Man untaught, and rav'nous as the Beaſt,
Does Valley, Wood, and Brake, and Stream infeſt.
Deriv'd theſe Men and Animals their Birth
From Trunk of Oak, or pregnant Womb of Earth?
Whence then the Old Belief, that All began
In EDEN's Shade, and one created Man?
Or grant, this Progeny was wafted o'er
By coaſting Boats from next adjacent Shoar:
Would Thoſe, from whom We will ſuppoſe they ſpring,
Slaughter to harmleſs Lands, and Poyſon bring?
Would they on Board or *Bears*, or *Lynxes* take,
Feed the She-*Adder*, and the brooding *Snake*?
Or could they think the new Diſcover'd Iſle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant *Crocodile*?

And ſince the Savage Lineage we muſt trace
From NOAH ſav'd, and his diſtinguiſh'd Race;
How ſhould their Fathers happen to forget
The Arts which NOAH taught, the Rules He ſet,
To ſow the Glebe, to plant the gen'rous Vine,
And load with grateful Flames the Holy Shrine?

While

While the great Sire's unhappy Sons are found,
Unpreſs'd their Vintage, and untill'd their Ground,
Straggling o'er Dale and Hill in queſt of Food,
And rude of Arts, of Virtue, and of God.

How ſhall We next o'er Earth and Seas purſue
The vary'd Forms of ev'ry thing we view;
That all is chang'd, tho' all is ſtill the ſame,
Fluid the Parts, yet durable the Frame?
Of thoſe Materials, which have been confeſs'd
The priſtine Springs, and Parents of the reſt,
Each becomes other. Water ſtop'd gives Birth
To Graſs and Plants, and thickens into Earth:
Diffus'd it riſes in a higher Sphere;
Dilates it's Drops, and ſoftens into Air:
Thoſe finer Parts of Air again aſpire;
Move into Warmth, and brighten into Fire:
That Fire once more by thicker Air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious Womb
Alters it's Particles; is Fire no more;
But lies reſplendent Duſt, and ſhining Oar:
Or running thro' the mighty Mother's Veins,
Changes it's Shape; puts off it's old Remains;
With wat'ry Parts it's leſſen'd Force divides;
Flows into Waves, and riſes into Tides.

Diſparted Streams ſhall from their Chanels fly,
And deep ſurcharg'd by ſandy Mountains lye,

Obſcurely ſepulcher'd. By eating Rain,
And furious Wind, down to the diſtant Plain
The Hill, that hides his Head above the Skies,
Shall fall: The Plain by ſlow Degrees ſhall riſe
Higher than er'ſt had ſtood the Summit-Hill:
For Time muſt Nature's great Beheſts fulfill.

Thus by a length of Years, and Change of Fate,
All Things are light or heavy, ſmall or great:
Thus JORDAN's Waves ſhall future Clouds appear;
And EGYPT's *Pyramids* refine to Air.
Thus later Age ſhall ask for PISON's Flood;
And Travellers enquire, where BABEL ſtood.

Now where we ſee theſe Changes often fall,
Sedate we paſs them by, as Natural:
Where to our Eye more rarely they appear,
The Pompous Name of Prodigy they bear:
Let active Thought theſe cloſe *Meanders* trace:
Let Human Wit their dubious Bound'ries place.
Are all Things Miracle; or nothing ſuch?
And prove We not too little, or too much?

For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod
Should at a Word pronounc'd revive and bud:
Is this more ſtrange, than that the Mountain's Brow,
Strip'd by *December*'s Froſt, and white with Snow,
Should puſh, in Spring, ten thouſand thouſand Buds;
And boaſt returning Leaves, and blooming Woods?

That each ſucceſſive Night from opening Heav'n
The Food of Angels ſhould to Man be giv'n;
Is this more ſtrange, than that with common Bread
Our fainting Bodies every Day are fed;
Than that each Grain and Seed conſum'd in Earth,
Raiſes it's Store, and multiplies it's Birth;
And from the handful, which the Tiller ſows,
The labour'd Fields rejoice, and future Harveſt flows?

Then from whate'er We can to Senſe produce
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abſtruſe,
From Nature's conſtant or Eccentric Laws,
The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral Influence draws,
That an Effect muſt preſuppoſe a Cauſe.
And while She does her upward Flight ſuſtain,
Touching each Link of the continu'd Chain,
At length ſhe is oblig'd and forc'd to ſee
A Firſt, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and muſt for ever be.

This great Exiſtence thus by Reaſon found,
Bleſt by all Pow'r, with all Perfection crown'd:
How can we bind or limit His Decree,
By what our Ear has heard, or Eye may ſee?
Say then: Is all in Heaps of Water loſt,
Beyond the Iſlands, and the Mid-land Coaſt?
Or has that God, who gave our World it's Birth,
Sever'd thoſe Waters by ſome other Earth,

Coun-

Countries by future Plow-ſhares to be torn,
And Cities rais'd by Nations yet unborn?
E'er the progreſſive Courſe of reſtleſs Age
Performs Three thouſand times it's Annual Stage;
May not our Pow'r and Learning be ſuppreſt;
And Arts and Empire learn to travel Weſt?

Where, by the Strength of this *Idea* charm'd,
Lighten'd with Glory, and with Rapture warm'd,
Aſcends my Soul? what ſees She White and Great
Amidſt ſubjected Seas? An ISLE, the Seat
Of Pow'r and Plenty; Her Imperial Throne,
For Juſtice and for Mercy ſought and known;
Virtues Sublime, great Attributes of Heav'n,
From thence to this diſtinguiſh'd Nation given;
Yet farther Weſt the Weſtern ISLE extends
Her happy Fame; her Armed Fleets She ſends
To Climates folded yet from human Eye;
And Lands, which We imagine Wave and Sky.
From Pole to Pole She hears her Acts reſound,
And rules an Empire by no Ocean bound;
Knows her Ships anchor'd, and her Sails unfurl'd
In other INDIES, and a ſecond World.

Long ſhall BRITANNIA (That muſt be her Name)
Be firſt in Conqueſt, and preſide in Fame:
Long ſhall her favor'd Monarchy engage
The Teeth of Envy, and the Force of Age:

Rever'd and Happy She ſhall long remain,
Of human Things leaſt changeable, leaſt vain.
Yet All muſt with the gen'ral Doom comply;
And this Great Glorious Pow'r, tho' laſt, muſt dye.

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our Eye
To the large Convex of yon' Azure Sky:
Behold it like an ample Curtain ſpread,
Now ſtreak'd and glowing with the Morning Red;
Anon at Noon in flaming Yellow bright,
And chuſing Sable for the peaceful Night.
Ask Reaſon now, whence Light and Shade were giv'n,
And whence this great Variety of Heav'n:
Reaſon our Guide, what can She more reply,
Than that the Sun illuminates the Sky;
Than that Night riſes from his abſent Ray,
And his returning Luſtre kindles Day?

But we expect the Morning Red in vain:
'Tis hid in Vapors, or obſcur'd by Rain.
The Noontyde Yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in Storm, or red in Light'ning Fire.
Pitchy and dark the Night ſometimes appears,
Friend to our Woe, and Parent of our Fears:
Our Joys and Wonder ſometimes She excites,
With Stars unnumber'd, and eternal Lights.
Send forth, Ye Wiſe, ſend forth your lab'ring Thought:
Let it return with empty Notions fraught,

Of

Of airy Columns every Moment broke,
Of circling Whirlpools, and of Spheres of Smoke:
Yet this Solution but once more affords
New Change of Terms, and ſcaffolding of Words:
In other Garb my Queſtion I receive;
And take the Doubt the very ſame I gave.

Lo! as a Giant ſtrong the luſty Sun
Multiply'd Rounds in one great Round does run,
Twofold his Courſe, yet conſtant his Career,
Changing the Day, and finiſhing the Year.
Again when his deſcending Orb retires,
And Earth perceives the Abſence of his Fires;
The Moon affords us Her alternate Ray,
And with kind Beams diſtributes fainter Day:
Yet keeps the Stages of her Monthly Race,
Various her Beams, and changeable her Face.
Each Planet ſhining in his proper Sphere,
Does with juſt Speed his radiant Voyage ſteer:
Each ſees his Lamp with diff'rent Luſtre crown'd:
Each knows his Courſe with diff'rent Periods bound;
And in his Paſſage thro' the liquid Space,
Nor haſtens, nor retards his Neighbor's Race.
Now ſhine theſe Planets with ſubſtantial Rays?
Does innate Luſtre gild their meaſur'd Days?
Or do they (as your Schemes, I think, have ſhown)
Dart furtive Beams, and Glory not their own,
All Servants to that Source of Light, the Sun?

Again

Again I ſee ten thouſand thouſand Stars,
Nor caſt in Lines, in Circles, nor in Squares:
(Poor Rules, with which our bounded Mind is fill'd,
When We would plant, or cultivate, or build)
But ſhining with ſuch vaſt, ſuch various Light,
As ſpeaks the Hand, that form'd them, Infinite:
How mean the Order and Perfection ſought
In the beſt Product of the human Thought,
Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns
In what the Spirit of the World ordains!

Now if the Sun on Earth tranſmits his Ray,
Yet does not ſcorch us with too fierce a Day;
How ſmall a Portion of his Pow'r is giv'n
To Orbs more diſtant, and remoter Heav'n?
And of thoſe Stars, which our imperfect Eye
Has doom'd, and fix'd to one Eternal Sky,
Each by a native ſtock of Honor great,
May dart ſtrong Influence, and diffuſe kind Heat,
It ſelf a Sun; and with tranſmiſſive Light
Enliven Worlds deny'd to human Sight:
Around the Circles of their ambient Skies
New Moons may grow or wane, may ſet or riſe;
And other Stars may to thoſe Suns be Earths;
Give their own Elements their proper Births;
Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole;
See their Lands flouriſh, and their Oceans roll;

Yet theſe great Orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,
May each to other (as their diff'rent Sphere
Makes or their Diſtance, or their Height appear)
Be ſeen a nobler, or inferior Star;
And in that Space, which We call Air and Sky,
Myriads of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lye
Unmeaſur'd, and unknown by human Eye.

In vain We meaſure this amazing Sphere,
And find and fix it's Centre here or there;
Whilſt it's Circumf'rence, ſcorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd Space, illudes our vanquiſh'd Thought.

Where then are all the radiant *Monſters* driv'n,
With which your Gueſſes fill'd the frighten'd Heav'n?
Where will their fictious Images remain;
In Paper Schemes, and the CHALDEAN'S Brain.

This Problem yet; this Offspring of a Gueſs,
Let Us for once a Child of Truth confeſs;
That theſe fair Stars, theſe Objects of Delight,
And Terror, to our ſearching dazl'd Sight,
Are Worlds immenſe, unnumber'd, infinite:
But do theſe Worlds diſplay their Beams, or guide
Their Orbs, to ſerve thy Uſe, to pleaſe thy Pride?
Thy ſelf but Duſt, thy Stature but a Span,
A Moment thy Duration; fooliſh Man!

As

As well may the minuteſt Emmet ſay,
That CAUCASUS was rais'd, to pave his Way:
The Snail, that LEBANON's extended Wood
Was deſtin'd only for his Walk, and Food;
The vileſt Cockle, gaping on the Coaſt
That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boaſt,
The craggy Rock projects above the Sky,
That He in Safety at it's Foot may lye;
And the whole Ocean's confluent Waters ſwell,
Only to quench his Thirſt, or move and blanch his Shell.

A higher Flight the vent'rous GODDESS tries,
Leaving material Worlds, and local Skies:
Enquires, what are the Beings, where the Space,
That form'd and held the ANGELS ancient Race.
For Rebel LUCIFER with MICHAEL fought
(I offer only what Tradition taught)
Embattl'd Cherub againſt Cherub roſe;
Did Shield to Shield, and Pow'r to Pow'r oppoſe:
Heav'n rung with Triumph: Hell was fill'd with Woes.
What were theſe Forms, of which your Volumes tell,
How ſome fought great, and others recreant fell?
Theſe bound to bear an everlaſting Load,
Durance of Chain, and Baniſhment of God;
By fatal Turns their wretched Strength to tire;
To ſwim in ſulph'rous Lakes, or land on ſolid Fire:
While Thoſe exalted to primæval Light,
Exceſs of Bleſſing, and Supreme Delight,

Only

Only perceive ſome little Pauſe of Joys
In thoſe great Moments, when their God imploys
Their Miniſtry, to pour his threaten'd Hate
On the proud King, or the Rebellious State:
Or to reverſe JEHOVAH's high Command,
And ſpeak the Thunder falling from his Hand,
When to his Duty the proud King returns;
And the Rebellious State in Aſhes mourns.
How can good Angels be in Heav'n confin'd;
Or view that Preſence, which no Space can bind?
Is GOD above, beneath, or yon', or here?
He who made all, is He not ev'ry where?
O how can wicked Angels find a Night
So dark, to hide 'em from that piercing Light,
Which form'd the Eye, and gave the Pow'r of Sight?

What mean I now of Angel, when I hear
Firm Body, Spirit pure, or fluid Air?
Spirits to Action ſpiritual confin'd,
Friends to our Thought, and Kindred to our Mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external Eye be ever ſeen.
Was it not therefore to our Fathers known,
That theſe had Appetite, and Limb, and Bone?
Elſe how could ABRAM waſh their weary'd Feet;
Or SARAH pleaſe their Taſte with ſav'ry Meat?
Whence ſhould they fear? or why did LOT engage
To ſave their Bodies from abuſive Rage?

And how could JACOB, in a real Fight,
Feel or reſiſt the wreſtling Angel's Might?
How could a Form it's Strength with Matter try?
Or how a Spirit touch a Mortal's Thigh?

Now are they Air condens'd, or gather'd Rays?
How guide they then our Pray'r, or keep our Ways,
By ſtronger Blaſts ſtill ſubject to be toſt,
By Tempeſts ſcatter'd, and in Whirlwinds loſt?

Have they again (as Sacred Song proclaims)
Subſtances real, and exiſting Frames?
How comes it, ſince with them we jointly ſhare
The great Effect of one Creator's Care;
That whilſt our Bodies ſicken, and decay,
Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilſt We ſtruggle in this Vale beneath,
With Want and Sorrow, with Diſeaſe and Death,
Do They more bleſs'd perpetual Life employ
On Songs of Pleaſure, and in Scenes of Joy?

Now when my Mind has all this World ſurvey'd,
And found, that Nothing by it ſelf was made;
When Thought has rais'd it ſelf by juſt Degrees,
From Vallies crown'd with Flow'rs, and Hills with Trees;
From ſmoaking Min'rals, and from riſing Streams;
From fatt'ning NILUS, or victorious THAMES;

From all the Living, that four-footed move
Along the Shoar, the Meadow, or the Grove;
From all that can with Finns, or Feathers fly
Thro' the Aërial, or the Wat'ry Sky;
From the poor Reptile with a reas'ning Soul,
That miſerable Maſter of the Whole;
From this great Object of the Body's Eye,
This fair Half-round, this ample azure Sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
With Stars unnumber'd, and unmeaſur'd Light;
From Eſſences unſeen, Celeſtial Names,
Enlight'ning Spirits, and miniſterial Flames,
Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,
All that in each Degree the name of Creatures owns:
Lift we our Reaſon to that Sov'reign Cauſe,
Who bleſt the whole with Life, and bounded it with Laws;
Who forth from Nothing call'd this comely Frame,
His Will and Act, His Word and Work the ſame;
To whom a thouſand Years are but a Day;
Who bad the Light her genial Beams diſplay;
And ſet the Moon, and taught the Sun his Way:
Who waking Time, his Creature, from the Source
Primæval, order'd his predeſtin'd Courſe:
Himſelf, as in the Hollow of his Hand,
Holding, obedient to His high Command,
The deep Abyſs, the long continu'd Store,
Where Months, and Days, and Hours, and Minutes pour
Their floating Parts, and thenceforth are no more.

This

This ALPHA and OMEGA, Firſt and Laſt,
Who like the Potter in a Mould has caſt
The World's great Frame, commanding it to be
Such as the Eyes of Senſe and Reaſon ſee;
Yet if He wills, may change or ſpoil the whole;
May take yon' beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry Roll,
And burn it, like an uſeleſs parchment Scroll:
May from it's *Baſis* in one Moment pour
This melted Earth——
Like liquid Metal, and like burning Oar:
Who ſole in Pow'r, at the Beginning ſaid;
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heav'n be made:
And it was ſo——And when He ſhall ordain
In other Sort, has but to ſpeak again,
And They ſhall be no more: Of this great Theme,
This Glorious, Hallow'd, Everlaſting Name,
This GOD, I would diſcourſe———

The learned Elders ſat appall'd, amaz'd;
And each with mutual Look on other gaz'd.
Nor Speech They meditate, nor Anſwer frame:
Too plain, alas! their Silence ſpake their Shame:
Till One, in whom an outward Mien appear'd,
And Turn ſuperior to the vulgar Herd,
Began; that Human Learning's furtheſt Reach
Was but to note the Doctrines I could teach;
That Mine to Speak, and Their's was to Obey:
For I in Knowledge more, than Pow'r did ſway;

And the aſtoniſh'd World in Me beheld
MOSES eclips'd, and JESSE's Son excell'd.
Humble a Second bow'd, and took the Word;
Foreſaw my Name by future Age ador'd.
O Live, ſaid He, Thou Wiſeſt of the Wiſe!
As None has equall'd, None ſhall ever riſe
Excelling Thee——

Parent of wicked, Bane of honeſt Deeds,
Pernicious Flatt'ry! Thy malignant Seeds
In an ill Hour, and by a fatal Hand
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's Gleby Land,
With riſing Pride amidſt the Corn appear,
And choak the Hopes and Harveſt of the Year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble Crowd
Mute to my Queſtions, in my Praiſes loud,
Echo'd the Word: whence Things aroſe, or how
They thus exiſt, the Apteſt nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All Veil of Doubt apart, the Dulleſt ſee.

My Prophets, and my Sophiſts finiſh'd here
Their Civil Efforts of the Verbal War:
Not ſo my *Rabbins*, and Logicians yield:
Retiring ſtill they combat: from the Field
Of open Arms unwilling they depart,
And ſculk behind the Subterfuge of Art.

To ſpeak one Thing mix'd Dialects they join;
Divide the Simple, and the Plain define;
Fix fancy'd Laws, and form imagin'd Rules,
Terms of their Art, and Jargon of their Schools,
Ill grounded Maxims by falſe Gloſs enlarg'd,
And captious Science againſt Reaſon charg'd.

Soon their crude Notions with each other fought:
The adverſe Sect deny'd, what This had taught;
And He at length the ampleſt Triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the laſt maintain'd.

O wretched Impotence of human Mind!
We erring ſtill Excuſe for Error find;
And darkling grope, not knowing We are blind.

Vain Man! ſince firſt the bluſhing Sire eſſay'd
His Folly with connected Leaves to ſhade;
How does the Crime of thy reſembling Race
With like Attempt that priſtine Error trace?
Too plain thy Nakedneſs of Soul eſpy'd,
Why doſt Thou ſtrive the conſcious Shame to hide
By Masks of Eloquence, and Veils of Pride?

With outward Smiles their Flatt'ry I receiv'd;
Own'd my Sick Mind by their Diſcourſe reliev'd;
But bent and inward to my Self again
Perplex'd, theſe Matters I revolv'd; in vain.

My Search ſtill tir'd, my Labor ſtill renew'd,
At length I Ignorance, and Knowledge view'd,
Impartial; Both in equal Balance laid:
Light flew the knowing Scale; the doubtful Heavy weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective Reaſon, I confeſs,
That human Science is uncertain Gueſs.
Alas! We graſp at Clouds, and beat the Air,
Vexing that Spirit We intend to clear.
Can Thought beyond the Bounds of Matter climb?
Or who ſhall tell Me, what is Space or Time?
In vain We lift up our preſumptuous Eyes
To what our Maker to their Ken denies:
The Searcher follows faſt; the Object faſter flies.
The little which imperfectly We find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd Mind
To fruitleſs Search of Something yet behind.
Various Diſcuſſions tear our heated Brain:
Opinions often turn; ſtill Doubts remain;
And who indulges Thought, increaſes Pain.

How narrow Limits were to Wiſdom giv'n?
Earth She ſurveys: She thence would meaſure Heav'n:
Thro' Miſts obſcure, now wings her tedious Way:
Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;
And from the Summit of a pathleſs Coaſt
Sees INFINITE, and in that Sight is loſt

Re-

Remember, that the curs'd Deſire to know,
Off-ſpring of ADAM, was thy Source of Woe.
Why wilt Thou then renew the vain Purſuit,
And raſhly catch at the forbidden Fruit?
With empty Labor and eluded Strife
Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to Life;
For ever from that fatal Tree debarr'd,
Which flaming Swords and angry CHERUBS guard.

PLEASURE:

THE

SECOND BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *again ſeeking Happineſs, enquires if Wealth and Greatneſs can produce it: begins with the Magnificence of Gardens and Buildings, the Luxury of Muſic and Feaſting; and proceeds to the Hopes and Deſires of Love. In two Epiſodes are ſhewn the Follies and Troubles of that Paſſion.* SOLOMON *ſtill diſappointed, falls under the Temptations of Libertiniſm and Idolatry; recovers his Thought, reaſons aright, and concludes, that as to the Purſuit of Pleaſure, and ſenſual Delight,* ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.

TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this BOOK.*

I ſaid in my own Heart, go to now, I will prove thee with Mirth; therefore enjoy Pleaſure. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. II. Verſ. 1.

I made me great Works, I builded me Houſes, I planted me Vineyards. Verſ. 4.

I made me Gardens and Orchards; and I planted Trees in them of all kinds of Fruits. Verſ. 5.

I made me Pools of Water, to water therewith the Wood that bringeth forth Trees. Verſ. 6.

Then I looked on all the Works that my Hands had wrought, and on the Labour that I had laboured to do: And behold, all was Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit; and there was no Profit under the Sun. Verſ. 11.

I gat me Men-Singers and Women-Singers, and the delights of the Sons of Men, as Muſical Inſtruments, and that of all Sorts. Verſ. 8.

I ſought in mine Heart to give my ſelf unto Wine (yet acquainting mine Heart with Wiſdom) and to lay hold on Folly, 'till I might ſee what

what was that Good for the Sons of Men, which they ſhould do under Heaven, all the Days of their Life. Verſ. 3.

Then I ſaid in my Heart, as it happeneth unto the Fool, ſo it happeneth even unto Me; and why was I then more Wiſe? Then I ſaid in my Heart, that this alſo is Vanity. Verſ. 15.

Therefore I hated Life, becauſe the Work that is wrought under the Sun is grievous unto me. Chap. II. Verſ. 27.

Dead Flies cauſe the Oyntment to ſend forth a ſtinking Savour: ſo doth the little Folly him that is in Reputation for Wiſdom and Honour. Chap. X. Verſ. 1.

The Memory of the Juſt is bleſſed, but the Memory of the Wicked ſhall rot. PROVERBS, Chap. X. Verſ. 7.

PLEA-

PLEASURE:

THE

SECOND BOOK.

TRY then, O Man, the Moments to deceive,
That from the Womb attend Thee to the Grave:
For weary'd Nature find ſome apter Scheme:
Health be thy Hope; and Pleaſure be thy Theme:
From the perplexing and unequal Ways,
Where Study brings Thee; from the endleſs Maze,
Which Doubt perſuades to run, forewarn'd recede,
To the gay Field, and flow'ry Path, that lead
To jocund Mirth, ſoft Joy, and careleſs Eaſe:
Forſake what may inſtruct, for what may pleaſe:
Eſſay amuſing Art, and proud Expence;
And make thy Reaſon ſubject to thy Senſe.

I commun'd thus: the Pow'r of Wealth I try'd,
And all the various Luxe of coſtly Pride.
Artiſts and Plans reliev'd my ſolemn Hours:
I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.
Birds, Fiſhes, Beaſts of each Exotic Kind
I to the Limits of my Court confin'd.
To Trees transferr'd I gave a ſecond Birth;
And bid a foreign Shade grace JUDAH's Earth.
Fiſh-ponds were made, where former Forreſts grew;
And Hills were levell'd to extend the View.
Rivers diverted from their Native Courſe,
And bound with Chains of Artificial Force,
From large Caſcades in pleaſing Tumult roll'd;
Or roſe thro' figur'd Stone, or breathing Gold.
From furtheſt AFRICA's tormented Womb
The Marble brought, erects the ſpacious Dome,
Or forms the Pillars long-extended Rows,
On which the planted Grove, and penſile Garden grows.

The Workmen here obey the Maſter's Call,
To gild the Turret, and to paint the Wall;
To mark the Pavement there with various Stone;
And on the Jaſper Steps to rear the Throne:
The ſpreading *Cedar*, that an Age had ſtood,
Supreme of Trees, and Miſtreſs of the Wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my ſhining Roof adorns;
And LEBANON his ruin'd Honor mourns.

A thouſand Artiſts ſhew their cunning Pow'r,
To raiſe the Wonders of the Iv'ry Tow'r.
A thouſand Maidens ply the purple Loom,
To weave the Bed, and deck the Regal Room;
'Till TYRE confeſſes her exhauſted Store,
That on her Coaſt the *Murex* is no more;
'Till from the PARIAN Iſle, and LIBYA's Coaſt,
The Mountains grieve their hopes of Marble loſt;
And INDIA's Woods return their juſt Complaint,
Their Brood decay'd, and want of *Elephant*.

My full Deſign with vaſt Expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.
I chid the Folly of my thoughtleſs Haſt:
For, the Work perfected, the Joy was paſt.

To my new Courts ſad Thought did ſtill repair;
And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care.
In vain on ſilken Beds I ſought Repoſe;
And reſtleſs oft' from purple Couches roſe:
Vexatious Thought ſtill found my flying Mind
Nor bound by Limits, nor to Place confin'd;
Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days;
Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, and purſu'd my Ways,
Nor ſhut from artful Bow'r, nor loſt in winding Maze.

Yet take thy Bent, my Soul; another Senſe
Indulge; add Muſic to Magnificence:

Eſſay,

Eſſay, if Harmony may Grief controll;
Or Pow'r of Sound prevail upon the Soul.
Often our Seers and Poets have confeſt,
That Muſic's Force can tame the furious Beaſt;
Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar reſtrain
His Rage; the Lion drop his creſted Mane,
Attentive to the Song; the Lynx forget
His Wrath to Man, and lick the Minſtrel's Feet.
Are we, alas! leſs ſavage yet than theſe?
Elſe Muſic ſure may human Cares appeaſe.

I ſpake my Purpoſe; and the chearful Choir
Parted their ſhares of Harmony: the Lyre
Soften'd the Timbrel's Noiſe: the Trumpet's Sound
Provok'd the DORIAN Flute (both ſweeter found
When mix'd:) the Fife the Viol's Notes refin'd;
And ev'ry Strength with ev'ry Grace was join'd.
Each Morn they wak'd Me with a ſprightly Lay:
Of opening Heav'n they Sung, and gladſome Day.
Each Evening their repeated Skill expreſs'd
Scenes of Repoſe, and Images of Reſt:
Yet ſtill in vain: for Muſic gather'd Thought:
But how unequal the Effects it brought?
The ſoft *Ideas* of the chearful Note,
Lightly receiv'd, were eaſily forgot:
The ſolemn Violence of the graver Sound
Knew to ſtrike deep, and leave a laſting Wound.

And now reflecting, I with Grief deſcry
The fickly Luſt of the fantaſtic Eye;
How the weak Organ is with Seeing cloy'd,
Flying e'er Night what it at Noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy Search of Thought!) I found
The fickle Ear ſoon glutted with the Sound,
Condemn'd eternal Changes to purſue,
Tir'd with the laſt, and eager of the New.

I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance,
To temper Muſic with the ſprightly Dance.
In Vain! too low the Mimic-Motions ſeem:
What takes our Heart, muſt merit our Eſteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a Part,
Forming her Movements to the Rules of Art;
And vex'd I found, that the Muſician's Hand
Had o'er the Dancer's Mind too great Command.

I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas Rage; 'twas Noiſe;
An airy Scene of tranſitory Joys.
In vain I truſted, that the flowing Bowl
Would baniſh Sorrow, and enlarge the Soul.
To the late Revel, and protracted Feaſt
Wild Dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd Reſt;
And as at Dawn of Morn fair Reaſon's Light
Broke thro' the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night;
What had been ſaid, I ask'd my Soul, what done;
How flow'd our Mirth, and whence the Source begun.

Per-

Perhaps the Jeſt that charm'd the ſprightly Croud,
And made the Jovial Table laugh ſo loud,
To ſome falſe Notion ow'd it's poor Pretence,
To an ambiguous Word's perverted Senſe,
To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,
Offence and Torture to the ſober Ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleaſing Stream was brought
From this Man's Error, from another's Fault;
From Topics which Good-nature would forget,
And Prudence mention with the laſt Regret.

Add yet unnumber'd Ills, that lye unſeen
In the pernicious Draught; the Word obſcene,
Or harſh, which once elanc'd muſt ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt Reply,
Seed of ſevere Diſtruſt, and fierce Debate;
What We ſhould ſhun, and what We ought to hate.

Add too the Blood impoveriſh'd, and the Courſe
Of Health ſuppreſs'd, by Wine's continu'd Force.

Unhappy Man! whom Sorrow thus and Rage
To diff'rent Ills alternately engage.
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor ſees,
That melancholy Sloath, ſevere Diſeaſe,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted Thought,
Death's Harbingers, lye latent in the Draught:

And in the Flow'rs that wreath the ſparkling Bowl,
Fell Adders hiſs, and poys'nous Serpents roll.

Remains there Ought untry'd, that may remove
Sickneſs of Mind, and heal the Boſom?——Love,
Love yet remains: Indulge his genial Fire,
Cheriſh fair Hope, ſolicit young Deſire,
And boldly bid thy anxious Soul explore
This laſt great Remedy's Myſterious Pow'r.

Why therefore heſitates my doubtful Breaſt?
Why ceaſes it one Moment to be bleſt?
Fly ſwift, my Friends; my Servants, fly; imploy
Your inſtant Pains to bring your Maſter Joy.
Let all my Wives and Concubines be dreſs'd;
Let them to-night attend the Royal Feaſt;
All ISRAEL's Beauty, all the foreign Fair,
The Gifts of Princes, or the Spoils of War,
Before their Monarch They ſhall ſingly paſs;
And the moſt Worthy ſhall obtain the Grace.

I ſaid: the Feaſt was ſerv'd: the Bowl was crown'd:
To the King's Pleaſure went the mirthful Round:
The Women came: as Cuſtom wills, they paſt:
On One (O that diſtinguiſh'd One!) I caſt
The fav'rite Glance: O! yet my Mind retains
That fond Beginning of my infant Pains.

Ma-

Mature the Virgin was of EGYPT's Race:
Grace ſhap'd her Limbs; and Beauty deck'd her Face:
Eaſy her Motion ſeem'd, ſerene her Air:
Full, tho' unzon'd, her Boſom roſe: her Hair
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful Aid,
Adown her Shoulders looſely lay diſplay'd
And in the Jetty Curls ten thouſand CUPIDS play'd.

Fix'd on her Charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me my Friends, contribute to improve
Your Monarch's Bliſs, I ſaid; freſh Roſes bring
To ſtrow my Bed; 'till the impov'riſh'd Spring
Confeſs her Want; around my am'rous Head
Be dropping Myrrhe, and liquid Amber ſhed,
'Till ARAB has no more. From the ſoft Lyre,
Sweet Flute, and ten-ſtring'd Inſtrument, require
Sounds of Delight: and Thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh;
Thou, in whoſe graceful Form, and potent Eye
Thy Maſter's Joy long ſought at length is found;
And as thy Brow, let my Deſires be crown'd;
O fav'rite Virgin, that haſt warm'd the Breaſt,
Whoſe ſov'reign Dictates ſubjugate the Eaſt!

I ſaid; and ſudden from the golden Throne
With a ſubmiſſive Step I haſted down.
The glowing Garland from my Hair I took,
Love in my Heart, Obedience in my Look;

Pre-

Prepar'd to place it on her comely Head:
O fav'rite Virgin! (yet again I ſaid)
Receive the Honors deſtin'd to thy Brow;
And O above thy Fellows happy Thou!
Their Duty muſt thy ſov'reign Word obey.
Riſe up, my Love; my fair One, come away.

What Pang, alas! what Ecſtaſy of Smart
Tore up my Senſes, and transfix'd my Heart;
When She with modeſt Scorn the Wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous Neck, and inward mourn'd?

Forc'd by my Pride, I my Concern ſuppreſs'd,
Pretended Drowſineſs, and Wiſh of Reſt;
And ſullen I forſook th' Imperfect Feaſt:
Ordering the Eunuchs, to whoſe proper Care
Our Eaſtern Grandeur gives th' impriſon'd Fair,
To lead Her forth to a diſtinguiſh'd Bow'r,
And bid her dreſs the Bed, and wait the Hour.

Reſtleſs I follow'd this obdurate Maid
(Swift are the Steps that Love and Anger tread)
Approach'd her Perſon, courted her Embrace,
Renew'd my Flame, repeated my Diſgrace:
By Turns put on the Suppliant, and the Lord;
Threaten'd this Moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted Wreath,
And Choice of happy Love, or inſtant Death.

Averſe

Averſe to all her am'rous King deſir'd,
Far as She might, She decently retir'd;
And darting Scorn, and Sorrow from her Eyes,
What means, ſaid She, King SOLOMON the Wiſe?

This wretched Body trembles at your Pow'r:
Thus far could Fortune: but She can no more.
Free to her ſelf my potent Mind remains;
Nor fears the Victor's Rage, nor feels his Chains.

'Tis ſaid, that Thou can'ſt plauſibly diſpute,
Supreme of Seers, of Angel, Man, and Brute;
Can'ſt plead, with ſubtil Wit and fair Diſcourſe,
Of Paſſion's Folly, and of Reaſon's Force.
That to the Tribes attentive Thou can'ſt ſhow,
Whence their Misfortunes, or their Bleſſings flow.
That Thou in Science, as in Pow'r art great;
And Truth and Honour on Thy Edicts wait.
Where is that Knowledge now, that Regal Thought,
With juſt Advice, and timely Counſel fraught?
Where now, O Judge of ISRAEL, does it rove?
What in one Moment doſt Thou offer? Love——
Love? why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife:
'Tis all the Color of remaining Life:
And Human Mis'ry muſt begin or end,
As He becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend.
Would DAVID's Son, religious, juſt, and grave,
To the firſt Bride-bed of the World receive
A Foreigner, a Heathen, and a Slave?

Or grant, Thy Paſſion has theſe Names deſtroy'd;
That Love, like Death, makes all Diſtinction void;
Yet in his Empire o'er Thy abject Breaſt,
His Flames and Torments only are expreſt:
His Rage can in my Smiles alone relent;
And all his Joys ſolicit my Conſent.

Soft Love, ſpontaneous Tree, it's parted Root
Muſt from two Hearts with equal Vigour ſhoot:
Whilſt each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleaſing Ecſtaſy, which each receives:
Cheriſh'd with Hope, and fed with Joy it grows:
It's chearful Buds their opening Bloom diſcloſe;
And round the happy Soil diffuſive Odor flows.
If angry Fate that mutual Care denies;
The fading Plant bewails it's due Supplies:
Wild with Deſpair, or ſick with Grief, it dies.

By Force Beaſts act, and are by Force reſtrain'd:
The Human Mind by gentle Means is gain'd.
Thy uſeleſs Strength, miſtaken King, employ:
Sated with Rage, and ignorant of Joy,
Thou ſhalt not gain what I deny to yield;
Nor reap the Harveſt, tho' Thou ſpoil'ſt the Field.
Know, SOLOMON, Thy poor Extent of Sway;
Contract thy Brow, and ISRAEL ſhall obey:
But wilful Love Thou muſt with Smiles appeaſe;
Approach his awful Throne by juſt Degrees;
And if Thou would'ſt be Happy, learn to pleaſe.

Not

Not that thoſe Arts can here ſucceſsful prove:
For I am deſtin'd to another's Love.
Beyond the cruel Bounds of Thy Command,
To my dear Equal, in my Native Land,
My plighted Vow I gave: I His receiv'd:
Each ſwore with Truth: with Pleaſure each believ'd.
The mutual Contract was to Heav'n convey'd:
In equal Scales the buſy Angels weigh'd
It's ſolemn Force, and clap'd their Wings, and ſpread
The laſting Roll, recording what We ſaid.

Now in my Heart behold Thy Poynard ſtain'd:
Take the ſaid Life which I have long diſdain'd:
End, in a dying Virgin's wretched Fate,
Thy ill-ſtar'd Paſſion, and My ſteadfaſt Hate.
For long as Blood informs theſe circling Veins;
Or fleeting Breath it's lateſt Pow'r retains;
Hear me to EGYPT's vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is My Part: be Thine, O King, Deſpair.

Now ſtrike, She ſaid, and open'd bare her Breaſt:
Stand it in JUDAH's Chronicles confeſt,
That DAVID's Son, by impious Paſſion mov'd,
Smote a She-Slave, and murder'd what He lov'd.

Aſham'd, confus'd I ſtarted from the Bed;
And to my Soul yet uncollected ſaid:

Into

Into Thy ſelf, fond SOLOMON, return;
Reflect again, and Thou again ſhalt mourn.
When I through number'd Years have Pleaſure ſought;
And in vain Hope the wanton Phantom caught;
To mock my Senſe, and mortify my Pride,
'Tis in another's Pow'r, and is deny'd.
Am I a King, great Heav'n! does Life or Death
Hang on the Wrath, or Mercy of My Breath;
While kneeling I My Servant's Smiles implore;
And One mad Dam'ſel dares diſpute My Pow'r?

To Raviſh Her? That Thought was ſoon depreſs'd,
Which muſt debaſe the Monarch to the Beaſt.
To ſend Her back? O whither, and to whom?
To Lands where SOLOMON muſt never come;
To that Inſulting Rival's happy Arms,
For whom, diſdaining Me, She keeps her Charms.

Fantaſtic Tyrant of the am'rous Heart;
How hard Thy Yoke! how cruel is Thy Dart!
Thoſe 'ſcape Thy Anger, who refuſe Thy Sway;
And thoſe are puniſh'd moſt, who moſt Obey.
See JUDAH's King revere thy greater Pow'r:
What can'ſt Thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O LOVE, with an obdurate Ear
Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's Pray'r?
Why to ſome ſimple Shepherd does She run,
From the fond Arms of DAVID's Fav'rite Son?

Why flies She from the Glories of a Court,
Where Wealth and Pleaſure may Thy Reign ſupport,
To ſome poor Cottage on the Mountain's Brow,
Now bleak with Winds, and cover'd now with Snow;
Where pinching Want muſt curb her warm Deſires,
And Houſehold Cares ſuppreſs Thy Genial Fires?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
The Force, while they erect the Shrines of LOVE.
His Myſtic Form the Artizans of GREECE
In wounded Stone, or molten Gold expreſs:
And CYPRUS to his Godhead pays her Vow:
Faſt in his Hand the Idol holds his Bow:
A Quiver by his Side ſuſtains a Store
Of pointed Darts; ſad Emblems of his Pow'r:
A pair of Wings He has, which He extends
Now to be gone; which now again He bends
Prone to return, as beſt may ſerve his wanton Ends.
Entirely thus I find the Fiend pourtray'd,
Since firſt, alas! I ſaw the beauteous Maid:
I felt Him ſtrike; and now I ſee Him fly:
Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lye
Thoſe fatal Shafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my Wiſhes yet o'ertake thy Speed!
Tir'd may'ſt Thou pant, and hang thy flagging Wing;
Except Thou turn'ſt Thy Courſe, reſolv'd to bring
The Dam'ſel back, and ſave the Love-ſick King.

My

My Soul thus ſtrugling in the fatal Net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reaſon'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and diſapprov'd:
'Till hopeleſs plung'd in an Abyſs of Grief,
I from Neceſſity receiv'd Relief:
Time gently aided to aſſwage my Pain;
And Wiſdom took once more the ſlacken'd Rein.

But O how ſhort My Interval of Woe!
Our Griefs how ſwift; our Remedies how ſlow!
Another Nymph (for ſo did Heav'n ordain,
To change the Manner, but renew the Pain)
Another Nymph, amongſt the many Fair,
That made My ſofter Hours their ſolemn Care,
Before the reſt affected ſtill to ſtand;
And watch'd My Eye, preventing My Command.
ABRA, She ſo was call'd, did ſooneſt haſt
To grace my Preſence: ABRA went the laſt:
ABRA was ready e'er I call'd her Name;
And tho' I call'd another, ABRA came.

Her Equals firſt obſerv'd her growing Zeal;
And laughing gloſs'd, that ABRA ſerv'd ſo well.
To Me her Actions did unheeded dye,
Or were remark'd but with a common Eye;
'Till more appris'd of what the Rumour ſaid,
More I obſerv'd peculiar in the Maid.

The Sun declin'd had ſhot his Weſtern Ray;
When tir'd with Buſineſs of the ſolemn Day,
I purpos'd to unbend the Evening Hours,
And banquet private in the Women's Bow'rs.
I call'd, before I ſat, to waſh My Hands:
For ſo the Precept of the Law commands.
LOVE had ordain'd, that it was ABRA's Turn
To mix the Sweets, and miniſter the Urn.

With awful Homage, and ſubmiſſive Dread
The Maid approach'd, on my declining Head
To pour the Oyls: She trembled as She pour'd;
With an unguarded Look She now devour'd
My nearer Face: and now recall'd her Eye,
And heav'd, and ſtrove to hide a ſudden Sigh.
And whence, ſaid I, canſt Thou have Dread, or Pain?
What can thy Imag'ry of Sorrow mean?
Secluded from the World, and all it's Care,
Haſt Thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For ſure, I added, ſure thy little Heart
Ne'er felt LOVE's Anger, or receiv'd his Dart.

Abaſh'd She bluſh'd, and with Diſorder ſpoke:
Her riſing Shame adorn'd the Words it broke.

If the great Maſter will deſcend to hear
The humble Series of His Hand-maid's Care;
O! while She tells it, let him not put on
The Look, that awes the Nations from the Throne:

O! let not Death ſevere in Glory lye
In the King's Frown, and Terror of his Eye.

Mine to obey; Thy Part is to ordain:
And tho' to mention, be to ſuffer Pain;
If the King ſmiles, whilſt I my Woe recite;
If weeping I find Favour in His Sight;
Flow faſt my Tears, full riſing his Delight.

O! Witneſs Earth beneath, and Heav'n above;
For can I hide it? I am ſick of Love:
If Madneſs may the Name of Paſſion bear;
Or Love be call'd, what is indeed Deſpair.

Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whoſe ſecret Will controlls
The inward Bent and Motion of our Souls!
Why haſt Thou plac'd ſuch infinite Degrees
Between the Cauſe and Cure of my Diſeaſe?
The mighty Object of that raging Fire,
In which unpity'd ABRA muſt expire,
Had He been born ſome ſimple Shepherd's Heir,
The lowing Herd, or fleecy Sheep his Care;
At Morn with him I o'er the Hills had run,
Scornful of Winter's Froſt, and Summer's Sun,
Still asking, where He made his Flock to reſt at Noon.
For him at Night, the dear expected Gueſt,
I had with haſty Joy prepar'd the Feaſt;

And from the Cottage, o'er the diſtant Plain,
Sent forth my longing Eye to meet the Swain;
Wav'ring, impatient, toſs'd by Hope and Fear;
Till He and Joy together ſhould appear;
And the lov'd Dog declare his Maſter near.
On my declining Neck, and open Breaſt,
I ſhould have lull'd the lovely Youth to Reſt;
And from beneath his Head, at dawning Day,
With ſofteſt Care have ſtol'n my Arm away;
To riſe, and from the Fold releaſe the Sheep,
Fond of his Flock, indulgent to his Sleep.

Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my Flame
(For ſure from Heav'n the faithful Ardor came)
Had bleſt my Life, and deck'd my natal Hour
With Height of Title, and Extent of Pow'r:
Without a Crime my Paſſion had aſpir'd,
Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I deſir'd.

Then I had come, preventing SHEBA's Queen,
To ſee the comelieſt of the Sons of Men;
To hear the charming Poet's am'rous Song,
And gather Honey falling from his Tongue;
To take the fragrant Kiſſes of his Mouth,
Sweeter than Breezes of her native South;
Likening his Grace, his Perſon, and his Mien
To all that Great or Beauteous I had ſeen.
Serene and bright his Eyes, as ſolar Beams
Reflecting temper'd Light from Cryſtal Streams;

Ruddy as Gold his Cheek; his Boſom fair
As Silver; the curl'd Ringlets of his Hair
Black as the Raven's Wing; his Lip more red,
Than Eaſtern Coral, or the ſcarlet Thread;
Even his Teeth, and white, like a young Flock
Coeval, newly ſhorn, from the clear Brook
Recent, and blanching on the Sunny Rock.
Iv'ry with Saphirs interſpers'd, explains
How white his Hands, how blue the Manly Veins.
Columns of poliſh'd Marble firmly ſet
On golden Baſes, are his Legs, and Feet.
His Stature all Majeſtic, all Divine,
Strait as the Palmtree, ſtrong as is the Pine.
Saffron and Myrrhe are on his Garments ſhed:
And everlaſting Sweets bloom round his Head.
What utter I? where am I? wretched Maid!
Dye, ABRA, dye: too plainly haſt Thou ſaid
Thy Soul's Deſire to meet His high Embrace,
And Bleſſings ſtamp'd upon thy future Race;
To bid attentive Nations bleſs thy Womb,
With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and SOLOMONS to come.

Here o'er her Speech her flowing Eyes prevail.
O fooliſh Maid! and O unhappy Tale!
My ſuff'ring Heart for ever ſhall defy
New Wounds, and Danger from a future Eye.

O! yet my tortur'd Senſes deep retain
The wretched Mem'ry of my former Pain,
The dire Affront, and my EGYPTIAN Chain.

As Time, I ſaid, may happily efface
That cruel Image of the King's Diſgrace;
Imperial Reaſon ſhall reſume her Seat;
And SOLOMON once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by Paſſion, as ſubdu'd in War,
We wiſely ſhould exert a double Care,
Nor ever ought a ſecond time to Err.

This ABRA then———
I ſaw Her; 'twas Humanity: it gave
Some Reſpite to the Sorrows of my Slave.
Her fond Exceſs proclaim'd her Paſſion true;
And generous Pity to that Truth was due.
Well I intreated Her, who well deſerv'd;
I call'd Her often; for She always ſerv'd.
Uſe made her Perſon eaſy to my Sight;
And Eaſe inſenſibly produc'd Delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the Women's Bow'rs
(For firſt I ſought Her but at looſer Hours)
The Apples She had gather'd ſmelt moſt ſweet:
The Cake She kneaded was the ſav'ry Meat:
But Fruits their Odor loſt, and Meats their Taſte;
If gentle ABRA had not deck'd the Feaſt.

Diſhonor'd

Diſhonor'd did the ſparkling Goblet ſtand,
Unleſs receiv'd from gentle ABRA's Hand:
And when the Virgins form'd the Evening Choir,
Raiſing their Voices to the Maſter-Lyre;
Too flat I thought This Voice, and That too ſhrill;
One ſhow'd too much, and one too little Skill:
Nor could my Soul approve the Muſic's Tone;
Till all was huſh'd, and ABRA Sung alone.
Fairer She ſeem'd, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
And better Mein diſclos'd, as better dreſt.
A bright *Tiara* round her Forehead ty'd,
To juſter Bounds confin'd it's riſing Pride:
The bluſhing Ruby on her ſnowy Breaſt,
Render'd it's panting Whiteneſs more confeſs'd:
Bracelets of Pearl gave Roundneſs to her Arm;
And ev'ry Gem augmented ev'ry Charm.
Her Senſes pleas'd, her Beauty ſtill improv'd;
And She more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame
The ſeveral Follies of my former Flame;
Willing my Heart for Recompence to prove
The certain Joys that lye in proſp'rous Love.
For what, ſaid I, from ABRA can I fear,
Too humble to inſult, too ſoft to be ſevere?
The Dam'ſel's ſole Ambition is to pleaſe:
With Freedom I may like, and quit with Eaſe:

She ſooths, but never can enthrall my Mind:
Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?

Great Heav'n! how frail thy Creature Man is made!
How by Himſelf inſenſibly betray'd!
In our own Strength unhappily ſecure,
Too little cautious of the adverſe Pow'r;
And by the Blaſt of Self-opinion mov'd,
We wiſh to charm, and ſeek to be belov'd.
On Pleaſure's flowing Brink We idly ſtray,
Maſters as yet of our returning Way:
Seeing no Danger, We diſarm our Mind;
And give our Conduct to the Waves and Wind:
Then in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant Shade
To wanton Dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the Chaplet, and We crown the Bowl;
And ſmiling ſee the nearer Waters roll;
'Till the ſtrong Guſts of raging Paſſion riſe;
'Till the dire Tempeſt mingles Earth and Skies;
And ſwift into the boundleſs Ocean born,
Our fooliſh Confidence too late We mourn:
Round our devoted Heads the Billows beat;
And from our troubl'd View the leſſened Lands retreat.

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded Pow'r
How ſhall the human Boſom reſt ſecure?
How ſhall our Thought avoid the various Snare?
Or Wiſdom to our caution'd Soul declare

The

The diff'rent Shapes, Thou pleaſeſt to imploy,
When bent to hurt, and certain to deſtroy?

The haughty Nymph in open Beauty dreſt,
To-Day encounters our unguarded Breaſt:
She looks with Majeſty, and moves with State:
Unbent her Soul, and in Misfortune great,
She ſcorns the World, and dares the Rage of Fate.

Here whilſt we take ſtern Manhood for our Guide,
And guard our Conduct with becoming Pride;
Charm'd with the Courage in her Action ſhown,
We praiſe her Mind, the Image of our own.
She that can pleaſe, is certain to perſwade:
To-day belov'd, To-morrow is obey'd.
We think we ſee thro' Reaſon's Optics right;
Nor find, how Beauty's Rays elude our Sight:
Struck with her Eye, whilſt We applaud her Mind;
And when We ſpeak Her great, We wiſh Her kind.

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r, Thou arm'ſt the Fair
With flowing Sorrow, and diſhevel'd Hair:
Sad her Complaint, and humble is her Tale,
Her Sighs explaining where her Accents fail.
Here gen'rous Softneſs warms the honeſt Breaſt:
We raiſe the ſad, and ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:
And whilſt our Wiſh prepares the kind Relief;
Whilſt Pity mitigates her riſing Grief;

We

We ſicken ſoon from her contagious Care;
Grieve for her Sorrows, groan for her Deſpair;
And againſt Love too late thoſe Boſoms arm,
Which Tears can ſoften, and which Sighs can warm.

Againſt this neareſt crueleſt of Foes,
What ſhall Wit meditate, or Force oppoſe?
Whence, feeble Nature, ſhall We ſummon Aid;
If by our Pity, and our Pride betray'd?
External Remedy ſhall We hope to find,
When the cloſe Fiend has gain'd our treach'rous Mind;
Inſulting there does Reaſon's Pow'r deride;
And blind Himſelf, conducts the dazl'd Guide?

My Conqueror now, my Lovely ABRA held
My Freedom in her Chains: my Heart was fill'd
With Her, with Her alone: in Her alone
It ſought it's Peace and Joy: while She was gone,
It ſigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her Stay:
Return'd, She chas'd thoſe Sighs, that Grief away:
Her Abſence made the Night: her Preſence brought the Day.

The Ball, the Play, the Mask by Turns ſucceed.
For Her I make the Song: the Dance with Her I lead.
I court Her various in each Shape and Dreſs,
That Luxury may form, or Thought expreſs.

To-day beneath the Palm-tree on the Plains
In DEBORAH's Arms and Habit ABRA reigns:

The Wreath denoting Conqueſt guides her Brow:
And low, like BARAK, at her Feet I bow.
The Mimic Chorus ſings her proſp'rous Hand;
As She had ſlain the Foe, and ſav'd the Land.

To-morrow She approves a ſofter Air;
Forſakes the Pomp and Pageantry of War;
The Form of peaceful ABIGAIL aſſumes;
And from the Village with the Preſent comes:
The Youthful Band depoſe their glitt'ring Arms;
Receive her Bounties, and recite her Charms;
Whilſt I aſſume my Father's Step and Mein,
To meet with due Regard my future Queen.

If hap'ly ABRA's Will be now inclin'd
To range the Woods, or chace the flying Hind;
Soon as the Sun awakes, the ſprightly Court
Leave their Repoſe, and haſten to the Sport.
In leſſen'd Royalty, and humble State,
Thy King, JER'USALEM, deſcends to wait,
'Till ABRA comes. She comes: a Milk-white Steed,
Mixture of PERSIA's, and ARABIA's Breed,
Suſtains the Nymph: her Garments flying looſe
(As the SYDONIAN Maids, or THRACIAN uſe)
And half her Knee, and half her Breaſt appear,
By Art, like Negligence, diſclos'd, and bare.
Her left Hand guides the hunting Courſer's Flight:
A Silver Bow She carries in her Right:

And

And from the golden Quiver at her Side,
Ruſtles the Ebon Arrow's feather'd Pride.
Saphirs and Diamonds on her Front diſplay
An artificial Moon's increaſing Ray.
DIANA, Huntreſs, Miſtreſs of the Groves,
The fav'rite ABRA ſpeaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the preſent Goddeſs, I obey:
Beneath her Feet the captive Game I lay.
The mingl'd Chorus ſings DIANA's Fame:
Clarions and Horns in louder Peals proclaim
Her Myſtic Praiſe: the vocal Triumphs bound
Againſt the Hills: the Hills reflect the Sound.

If tir'd this Evening with the hunted Woods,
To the large Fiſh-pools, or the glaſſy Floods
Her Mind To-morrow points; a thouſand Hands
To-night employ'd, obey the King's Commands.
Upon the wat'ry Beach an artful Pile
Of Planks is join'd, and forms a moving Iſle.
A golden Chariot in the Midſt is ſet;
And ſilver Cygnets ſeem to feel it's Weight.
ABRA, bright Queen, aſcends her gaudy Throne,
In ſemblance of the GRÆCIAN VENUS known:
TRITONS and Sea-green NAIADS round her move;
And ſing in moving Strains the Force of Love:
Whilſt as th' approaching Pageant does appear;
And echoing Crouds ſpeak mighty VENUS near;

I, her Adorer, too devoutly ſtand
Faſt on the utmoſt Margin of the Land,
With Arms and Hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddeſs riſing from the Wave.

O ſubject Reaſon! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would My Folly rove?
Is it enough, that ABRA ſhould be great
In the wall'd Palace, or the Rural Seat?
That maſking Habits, and a borrow'd Name
Contrive to hide my Plenitude of Shame?
No, no: JERUSALEM combin'd muſt ſee
My open Fault, and Regal Infamy.
Solemn a Month is deſtin'd for the Feaſt:
ABRA Invites: the Nation is the Gueſt.
To have the Honor of each Day ſuſtain'd,
The Woods are travers'd; and the Lakes are drain'd:
ARABIA's Wilds, and EGYPT's are explor'd:
The Edible Creation decks the Board:
Hardly the *Phœnix* 'ſcapes———
The Men their Lyres, the Maids their Voices raiſe,
To ſing my Happineſs, and ABRA's Praiſe.
And ſlaviſh Bards our mutual Loves rehearſe
In lying Strains, and ignominious Verſe:
While from the Banquet leading forth the Bride,
Whom prudent Love from public Eyes ſhould hide;
I ſhow Her to the World, confeſs'd and known
Queen of my Heart, and Part'ner of my Throne.

And

And now her Friends and Flatt'rers fill the Court:
From DAN, and from BEERSHEBA They reſort:
They barter Places, and diſpoſe of Grants,
Whole Provinces unequal to their Wants.
They teach Her to recede, or to debate;
With Toys of Love to mix Affairs of State;
By practis'd Rules her Empire to ſecure;
And in my Pleaſure make my Ruin ſure.
They gave, and She transferr'd the curs'd Advice,
That Monarchs ſhould their inward Soul diſguiſe,
Diſſemble and command, be falſe and wiſe;
By ignominious Arts for ſervile Ends
Should compliment their Foes, and ſhun their Friends.
And now I leave the true and juſt Supports
Of Legal Princes, and of honeſt Courts,
BARZILLAI's, and the fierce BENAIAH's Heirs;
Whoſe Sires, Great Part'ners in my Father's Cares,
Saluted their young King at HEBRON crown'd,
Great by their Toil, and glorious by their Wound.
And now, unhappy Council, I prefer
Thoſe whom my Follies only made me fear,
Old CORAH's Brood, and taunting SHIMEI's Race;
Miſcreants who ow'd their Lives to DAVID's Grace;
Tho' they had ſpurn'd his Rule, and curs'd Him to his Face.

Still ABRA's Pow'r, my Scandal ſtill increas'd;
Juſtice ſubmitted to what ABRA pleas'd:

Her Will alone could ſettle or revoke;
And Law was fix'd by what She lateſt ſpoke.

ISRAEL neglected, ABRA was my Care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd for Her.
I durſt not reaſon with my wounded Heart.
ABRA poſſeſs'd; She was it's better Part.
O! had I now review'd the famous Cauſe,
Which gave my righteous Youth ſo juſt Applauſe;
In vain on the diſſembl'd Mother's Tongue
Had cunning Art, and ſly Perſuaſion hung;
And real Care in vain, and native Love
In the true Parent's panting Breaſt had ſtrove;
While both deceiv'd had ſeen the deſtin'd Child
Or ſlain, or ſav'd, as ABRA frown'd, or ſmil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A life-leſs King, a Royal Shade I lay.
Unhear'd the injur'd Orphans now complain:
The Widow's Cries addreſs the Throne in vain.
Cauſes unjudg'd diſgrace the loaded File;
And ſleeping Laws the King's Neglect revile.
No more the Elders throng'd around my Throne,
To hear My Maxims, and reform their own.
No more the Young Nobility were taught,
How MOSES govern'd, and how DAVID fought.
Looſe and undiſciplin'd the Soldier lay;
Or loſt in Drink and Game the ſolid Day.

Porches

Porches and Schools, deſign'd for public Good,
Uncover'd, and with Scaffolds cumber'd ſtood,
Or nodded, threat'ning Ruin———
Half Pillars wanted their expected Height;
And Roofs imperfect prejudic'd the Sight.
The Artiſts grieve; the lab'ring People droop:
My Father's Legacy, my Country's Hope,
God's Temple lies unfiniſh'd——

The Wiſe and Grave deplor'd their Monarch's Fate,
And future Miſchiefs of a ſinki ng State.
Is this, the Serious ſaid, is this the Man,
Whoſe active Soul thro' every Science ran?
Who by juſt Rule and elevated Skill
Preſcrib'd the dubious Bounds of Good and Ill?
Whoſe Golden Sayings, and Immortal Wit,
On large *Phylacteries* expreſſive writ,
Were to the Forehead of the *Rabbins* ty'd,
Our Youth's Inſtruction, and our Age's Pride?
Could not the Wiſe his wild Deſires reſtrain?
Then was our Hearing, and his Preaching vain!
What from his Life and Letters were we taught,
But that his Knowledge aggravates his Fault?

In lighter Mood the Humorous and the Gay
(As crown'd with Roſes at their Feaſts they lay)
Sent the full Goblet, charg'd with ABRA's Name,
And Charms ſuperior to their Maſter's Fame:

Langh-

Laughing ſome praiſe the King, who let 'em ſee,
How aptly Luxe and Empire might agree:
Some gloſs'd, how Love and Wiſdom were at Strife;
And brought my Proverbs to confront my Life.
However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries:
To Him who was the King, the Friend replies.
The King, for JUDAH's, and for Wiſdom's Curſe,
To ABRA yields: could I, or Thou do worſe?
Our looſer Lives let Chance or Folly ſteer;
If thus the Prudent and Determin'd err.
Let DINAH bind with Flowers her flowing Hair;
And touch the Lute, and ſound the wanton Air:
Let Us the Bliſs without the Sting receive,
Free, as We will, or to injoy, or leave.
Pleaſures on Levity's ſmooth Surface flow:
Thought brings the Weight, that ſinks the Soul to Woe.
Now be this Maxim to the King convey'd,
And added to the Thouſand He has made,

Sadly, O Reaſon, is thy Pow'r expreſs'd,
Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frighted Breaſt!
And harſh the Rules, which We from Thee receive;
If for our Wiſdom We our Pleaſure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve.
If JUDAH's King at thy Tribunal try'd,
Forſakes his Joy, to vindicate his Pride;
And changing Sorrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the Chains of Love, in Thine more ſtrictly bound.

But

But do I call Thee Tyrant, or complain,
How hard thy Laws, how abſolute thy Reign?
While Thou, alas! art but an empty Name.
To no Two Men, who e'er diſcours'd, the ſame;
The idle Product of a troubled Thought,
In borrow'd Shapes, and airy Colors wrought;
A fancy'd Line, and a reflected Shade
A Chain which Man to fetter Man has made,
By Artifice impos'd, by Fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched Name, or Arbitrary Thing,
Whence ever I thy cruel Eſſence bring,
I own thy Influence; for I feel thy Sting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my Soul,
Form'd to command, and deſtin'd to control.
Yes; thy inſulting Dictates ſhall be heard:
Virtue for once ſhall be Her own Reward:
Yes; Rebel ISRAEL, this unhappy Maid
Shall be diſmiſs'd: the Crowd ſhall be obey'd:
The King his Paſſion. and his Rule ſhall leave,
No longer ABRA's, but the People's Slave.
My Coward Soul ſhall bear it's wayward Fate:
I will, alas! be wretched, to be great;
And ſigh in Royalty, and grieve in State.

I ſaid: reſolv'd to plunge into my Grief
At once ſo far, as to expect Relief
From my Deſpair alone——

I choſe to write the Thing I durſt not ſpeak,
To Her I lov'd; to Her I muſt forſake.
The harſh Epiſtle labor'd much to prove,
How inconſiſtent Majeſty, and Love.
I always ſhould, It ſaid, eſteem Her well;
But never ſee her more: It bid Her feel
No future Pain for Me; but inſtant wed
A Lover more proportion'd to her Bed;
And quiet dedicate her remnant Life
To the juſt Duties of an humble Wife.

She read; and forth to Me She wildly ran,
To Me, the Eaſe of all her former Pain.
She kneel'd, intreated, ſtruggl'd, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate Paſſion liv'd, and dy'd:
'Till now deny'd the Liberty to mourn,
And by rude Fury from my Preſence torn,
This only Object of my real Care,
Cut off from Hope, abandon'd to Deſpair,
In ſome few poſting fatal Hours is hurl'd
From Wealth, from Pow'r, from Love, and from the World.

Here tell Me, if Thou dar'ſt, my conſcious Soul,
What diff'rent Sorrows did within Thee roll?
What Pangs, what Fires, what Racks didſt Thou ſuſtain?
What ſad Viciſſitudes of ſmarting Pain?
How oft from Pomp and State did I remove,
To feed Deſpair, and cheriſh hopeleſs Love?

How

How oft, all Day, recall'd ABRA's Charms,
Her Beauties preſs'd, and panting in my Arms?
How oft, with Sighs, view'd every Female Face,
Where mimic Fancy might her Likeneſs trace?
How oft deſir'd to fly from ISRAEL's Throne,
And live in Shades with Her and Love alone?
How oft, all Night, purſu'd Her in my Dreams,
O'er flow'ry Vallies, and thro' Cryſtal Streams;
And waking, view'd with Grief the riſing Sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear Deluſion gone?

When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love
In my ſwoln Boſom, with long War had ſtrove;
At length they broke their Bounds: at length their Force
Bore down whatever met it's ſtronger Courſe:
Lay'd all the Civil Bonds of Manhood waſte;
And ſcatter'd Ruin as the Torrent paſt.

So from the Hills, whoſe hollow Caves contain
The congregated Snow, and ſwelling Rain;
'Till the full Stores their antient Bounds diſdain;
Precipitate the furious Torrent flows:
In vain would Speed avoid, or Strength oppoſe:
Towns, Foreſts, Herds, and Men promiſcuous drown'd,
With one great Death deform the dreary Ground:
The echo'd Woes from diſtant Rocks reſound.

And now, what impious Ways my Wiſhes took;
How they the Monarch, and the Man forſook;

And how I follow'd an abandon'd Will,
Thro' crooked Paths, and ſad Retreats of Ill;
How JUDAH's Daughters now, now foreign Slaves,
By turns my proſtituted Bed receives:
Thro' Tribes of Women how I looſely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd To-night, To-morrow chang'd;
And by the Inſtinct of capricious Luſt,
Enjoy'd, diſdain'd, was grateful, or unjuſt:
O, be theſe Scenes from human Eyes conceal'd,
In Clouds of decent Silence juſtly veil'd!
O, be the wanton Images convey'd
To black Oblivion, and eternal Shade!
Or let their ſad *Epitome* alone,
And outward Lines to future Age be known,
Enough to propagate the ſure Belief,
That Vice engenders Shame; and Folly broods o'er Grief.

Bury'd in Sloth, and loſt in Eaſe I lay:
The Night I revell'd; and I ſlept the Day.
New Heaps of Fewel damp'd my kindling Fires;
And daily Change extinguiſh'd young Deſires.
By it's own Force deſtroy'd, Fruition ceas'd;
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected Mind
It's wonted Stores, and old *Ideas* find.
Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the True, or ſet the Falſe aſide.

No longer does ſwift Mem'ry trace the Cells,
Where ſpringing Wit, or young Invention dwells.
Frequent Debauch to Habitude prevails:
Patience of Toil, and Love of Virtue fails.
By ſad Degrees impair'd my Vigor dyes;
Till I Command no longer ev'n in Vice.

The Women on my Dotage build their Sway:
They ask; I grant: They threaten; I obey.
In Regal Garments now I gravely ſtride,
Aw'd by the PERSIAN Dam'ſel's haughty Pride.
Now with the looſer SYRIAN dance, and ſing,
In Robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the King.

Charm'd by their Eyes, their Manners I acquire;
And ſhape my Fooliſhneſs to their Deſire.
Seduc'd and aw'd by the PHILISTINE Dame,
At DAGON's Shrine I kindle impious Flame.
With the CHALDEAN's Charms her Rites prevail;
And curling Frankincenſe aſcends to BAAL.
To each new Harlot I new Altars dreſs;
And ſerve Her God, whoſe Perſon I careſs.

Where, my deluded Senſe, was Reaſon flown?
Where the high Majeſty of DAVID's Throne?
Where all the Maxims of Eternal Truth,
With which the Living GOD inform'd my Youth?

When

When with the lewd EGYPTIAN I adore
Vain Idols, Deities that ne'er before
In ISRAEL's Land had fix'd their dire Abodes,
Beaſtly Divinities, and Droves of Gods:
OSIRIS, APIS, Pow'rs that chew the Cud,
And Dog ANUBIS, Flatt'rer for his Food:
When in the Woody Hill's forbidden Shade
I carv'd the Marble, and invok'd it's Aid:
When in the Fens to Snakes and Flies, with Zeal
Unworthy human Thought, I proſtrate fell;
To Shrubs and Plants my vile Devotion paid;
And ſet the bearded Leek, to which I pray'd:
When to all Beings Sacred Rites were giv'n;
Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heav'n.

Thro' theſe ſad Shades, this *Chaos* in my Soul,
Some Seeds of Light at length began to roll.
The riſing Motion of an Infant Ray
Shot glimm'ring thro' the Cloud, and promis'd Day.
And now one Moment able to reflect,
I found the King abandon'd to Neglect,
Seen without Awe, and ſerv'd without Reſpect.
I found my Subjects amicably joyn,
To leſſen their Defects, by citing Mine.
The Prieſt with Pity pray'd for DAVID's Race;
And left his Text, to dwell on my Diſgrace.

The Father whilſt he warn'd his erring Son
The ſad Examples which He ought to ſhun
Deſcrib'd, and only nam'd not SOLOMON.
Each Bard, each Sire did to his Pupil ſing,
A Wiſe Child better than a Fooliſh King.

Into My ſelf my Reaſon's Eye I turn'd;
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A Mighty King I am, an Earthly God:
Nations obey my Word, and wait my Nod.
I raiſe or ſink, impriſon or ſet free;
And Life or Death depends on My Decree.
Fond the *Idea*, and the Thought is vain:
O'er JUDAH's King ten thouſand Tyrants reign.
Legions of Luſt, and various Pow'rs of Ill
Inſult the Maſter's Tributary Will:
And He, from whom the Nations ſhould receive
Juſtice and Freedom, lyes Himſelf a Slave,
Tortur'd by cruel Change of wild Deſires,
Laſh'd by mad Rage, and ſcorch'd by brutal Fires.

O Reaſon! once again to Thee I call:
Accept my Sorrow, and retrieve my Fall.
Wiſdom, Thou ſay'ſt, from Heav'n receiv'd her Birth;
Her Beams tranſmitted to the ſubject Earth.
Yet this great Empreſs of the human Soul
Does only with imagin'd Pow'r controul;

If

If reſtleſs Paſſion by Rebellious Sway
Compells the weak Uſurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and Coward, as thou art!
Without thy poor Advice the lab'ring Heart
To worſe Extremes with ſwifter Steps would run,
Not ſav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone.

Oft have I ſaid; the Praiſe of doing well
Is to the Ear, as Oyntment to the Smell.
Now if ſome Flies perchance, however ſmall,
Into the Alabaſter Urn ſhould fall;
The Odors of the Sweets inclos'd would dye;
And Stench corrupt (ſad Change!) their Place ſupply.
So the leaſt Faults, if mix'd with faireſt Deed,
Of future Ill become the fatal Seed:
Into the Balm of pureſt Virtue caſt,
Annoy all Life with one contagious Blaſt.

Loſt SOLOMON! purſue this Thought no more:
Of thy paſt Errors recollect the Store:
And ſilent weep, that while the Deathleſs Muſe
Shall ſing the Juſt; ſhall o'er their Head diffuſe
Perfumes with laviſh Hand; She ſhall proclaim
Thy Crimes alone; and to Thy evil Fame
Impartial, ſcatter Damps and Poyſons on thy Name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my Women, and their Gods aſham'd,
From this Abyſs of exemplary Vice
Reſolv'd, as Time might aid my Thought, to riſe;
Again I bid the mournful Goddeſs write
The fond Purſuit of fugitive Delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholy Wing,
And rais'd from Earth, and ſav'd from Paſſion, ſing
Of human Hope by croſs Event deſtroy'd,
Of uſeleſs Wealth, and Greatneſs unenjoy'd,
Of Luſt and Love, with their fantaſtic Train,
Their Wiſhes, Smiles, and Looks deceitful all, and vain.

POWER:

THE

THIRD BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *conſiders Man through the ſeveral Stages and Conditions of Life; and concludes in general, that We are all Miſerable. He reflects more particularly upon the Trouble and Uncertainty of Greatneſs and Power; gives ſome Inſtances thereof from* ADAM *down to Himſelf; and ſtill concludes that* ALL *is* VANITY. *He reaſons again upon Life, Death, and a future Being; finds Human Wiſdom too imperfect to reſolve his Doubts; has Recourſe to Religion; is informed by an Angel, what ſhall happen to Himſelf, his Family, and his Kingdom, 'till the Redemption of* ISRAEL: *and, upon the whole, reſolves to ſubmit his Enquiries and Anxities to the Will of his Creator.*

TEXTS

TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this* BOOK.

Or ever the Silver Cord be looſed, or the golden Bowl be broken, or the Pitcher be broken at the Fountain, or the Wheel broken at the Ciſtern. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. XII. Verſ. 6.

The Sun ariſeth, and the Sun goeth down, and haſteth to his Place where He aroſe. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. I. Verſ. 5.

The Wind goeth towards the South, and turneth about unto the North. It whirleth about continually; and the Wind returneth again, according to his Circuit. Verſ. 6.

All the Rivers run into the Sea: yet the Sea is not full. Unto the Place from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again. Verſ. 7.

Then ſhall the Duſt return to the Earth, as it was: and the Spirit ſhall return unto God who gave it. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. XII. Verſ. 7.

Now when SOLOMON had made an End of Praying, the Fire came down from Heaven and conſumed the Burnt-offering, and the Sacrifices; and the Glory of the Lord filled the

Houſe. II CHRONICLES, Chap. VII. Verſ. 1.

By the Rivers of BABYLON, there We ſat down; Yea We wept, when We remembred Sion &c. PSALM CXXXVII. Verſ. 1.

I ſaid of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what doeth it? ECCLESIASTES, Chap. II. Verſ. 2.

No Man can find out the Work that God maketh, from the Beginning to the End. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. III. Verſ. 11.

Whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men ſhould fear before Him. Verſ. 14.

Let us hear the Concluſion of the whole Matter; Fear God, and keep his Commandments; for this is the whole Duty of Man. ECCLESIATES, Chap. XII. Verſe. 13.

POWER;

THE

THIRD BOOK.

COME then, my Soul: I call Thee by that Name,
Thou buſie Thing, from whence I know I am:
For knowing that I am, I know Thou art;
Since That muſt needs exiſt, which can impart.
But how Thou cam'ſt to be, or whence Thy Spring:
For various of Thee Prieſts and Poets ſing.

Hear'ſt

Hear'ſt Thou ſubmiſſive, but a lowly Birth?
Some ſep'rate Particles of finer Earth,
A plain Effect, which Nature muſt beget,
As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet;
Companion of the Body's Good or Ill;
From Force of Inſtinct more than Choice of Will;
Conſcious of Fear or Valor, Joy or Pain,
As the wild Courſes of the Blood ordain;
Who as Degrees of Heat and Cold prevail,
In Youth doſt flouriſh, and with Age ſhalt fail;
'Till mingled with thy Part'ner's lateſt Breath
Thou fly'ſt, diſſolv'd in Air, and loſt in Death.

Or if Thy great Exiſtence would aſpire
To Cauſes more ſublime; of Heav'nly Fire
Wer't Thou a Spark ſtruck off? a ſep'rate Ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with Terreſtrial Clay;
With it condemn'd for certain Years to dwell,
To grieve it's Frailties, and it's Pains to feel;
To teach it Good and Ill, Diſgrace or Fame;
Pale it with Rage, or redden it with Shame:
To guide it's Actions with informing Care,
In Peace to Judge, to Conquer in the War;
Render it Agile, Witty, Valiant, Sage,
As fits the various Courſe of human Age;
Till as the Earthly Part decays and falls,
The Captive breaks Her Priſon's mould'ring Walls;

Ho-

Hovers a-while upon the sad Remains,
Which now the Pile, or Sepulchre contains;
And thence with Liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain Her native Skies.

Whate'er Thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go
(Points which We rather may dispute, than know)
Come on, Thou little Inmate of this Breast,
Which for Thy sake from Passions I divest:
For these, Thou say'st, raise all the stormy Strife,
Which hinder Thy Repose, and trouble Life.
Be the fair Level of Thy Actions laid,
As Temp'rance wills, and Prudence may perswade:
Be Thy Affections undisturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may Great or Good appear;
And try if Life be worth the Liver's Care.

Amass'd in Man there justly is beheld
What thro' the whole Creation has excell'd:
The Life and Growth of Plants, of Beasts the Sense,
The Angel's Forecast and Intelligence:
Say from these glorious Seeds what Harvest flows:
Recount our Blessings, and compare our Woes.
In it's true Light let clearest Reason see
The Man dragg'd out to Act, and forc'd to Be;
Helpless and Naked on a Woman's Knees
To be expos'd or rear'd as She may please;
Feel her Neglect, and pine from her Disease.

His tender Eye by too direct a Ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd Day;
His Heart aſſaulted by invading Air,
And beating fervent to the vital War;
To his Young Senſe how various Forms appear?
That ſtrike his Wonder, and excite his Fear?
By his Diſtortions he reveals his Pains;
He by his Tears, and by his Sighs complains;
Till Time and Uſe aſſiſt the Infant Wretch,
By broken Words, and Rudiments of Speech,
His Wants in plainer Characters to ſhow,
And point more perfect Figures of his Woe.
Condemn'd to ſacrifice his childiſh Years
To babling Ign'rance, and to empty Fears;
To paſs the riper Period of his Age,
Acting his Part upon a crowded Stage;
To laſting Toils expos'd, and endleſs Cares,
To open Dangers, and to ſecret Snares;
To Malice which the vengeful Foe intends,
And the more dangerous Love of ſeeming Friends;
His Deeds examin'd by the People's Will,
Prone to forget the Good, and blame the Ill;
Or ſadly cenſur'd in their curs'd Debate,
Who in the Scorner's, or the Judge's Seat
Dare to condemn the Virtue which They hate.
Or would he rather leave this frantic Scene;
And Trees and Beaſts prefer to Courts and Men?

In

In the remoteſt Wood and lonely Grott
Certain to meet that worſt of Evils, Thought;
Diff'rent IDEAS to his Mem'ry brought:
Some intricate, as are the pathleſs Woods;
Impetuous ſome, as the deſcending Floods:
With anxious Doubts, with raging Paſſions torn,
No ſweet Companion near, with whom to mourn;
He hears the Echoing Rock return his Sighs;
And from himſelf the frighted Hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what Path ſoe'er of Life We rove,
Rage companies our Hate, and Grief our Love:
Vex'd with the preſent Moment's heavy Gloom,
Why ſeek We Brightneſs from the Years to come?
Diſturb'd and broken like a ſick Man's Sleep,
Our troubl'd Thoughts to diſtant Proſpects leap:
Deſirous ſtill what flies us to o'ertake:
For Hope is but the Dream of Thoſe that wake:
But looking back, We ſee the dreadful Train
Of Woes, a-new which were We to ſuſtain,
We ſhould refuſe to tread the Path again.
Still adding Grief, ſtill counting from the firſt;
Judging the lateſt Evils ſtill the worſt;
And ſadly finding each progreſſive Hour
Heighten their Number, and augment their Pow'r:
Till by one countleſs Sum of Woes oppreſt,
Hoary with Cares, and Ignorant of Reſt,

We find the vital Springs relax'd and worn:
Compell'd our common Impotence to mourn,
Thus, thro' the Round of Age, to Childhood We return;
Reflecting find, that naked from the Womb
We yeſterday came forth; that in the Tomb
Naked again We muſt To-morrow lye,
Born to lament, to labor, and to dye.

Paſs We the Ills, which each Man feels or dreads,
The Weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our Heads;
The Bear, the Lyon, Terrors of the Plain,
The Sheepfold ſcatter'd, and the Shepherd ſlain;
The frequent Errors of the pathleſs Wood,
The giddy Precipice, and the dang'rous Flood:
The noiſom Peſt'lence, that in open War
Terrible, marches thro' the Mid-day Air,
And ſcatters Death; the Arrow that by Night
Cuts the dank Miſt, and fatal wings it's Flight;
The billowing Snow, and Violence of the Show'r,
That from the Hills diſperſe their dreadful Store,
And o'er the Vales collected Ruin pour;
The Worm that gnaws the ripening Fruit, ſad Gueſt,
Canker or Locuſt hurtful to infeſt
The Blade; while Husks elude the Tiller's Care,
And Eminence of Want diſtinguiſhes the Year.

Paſs we the ſlow Diſeaſe, and ſubtil Pain,
Which our weak Frame is deſtin'd to ſuſtain;

The

The cruel Stone, with congregated War
Tearing his bloody Way; the cold Catarrh,
With frequent Impulſe, and continu'd Strife,
Weak'ning the waſted Seats of irkſome Life;
The Gout's fierce Rack, the burning Feaver's Rage,
The ſad Experience of Decay; and Age,
Her ſelf the ſoareſt Ill; while Death, and Eaſe,
Oft and in vain invok'd, or to appeaſe,
Or end the Grief, with haſty Wings receed
From the vext Patient, and the ſickly Bed.

Nought ſhall it profit, that the charming Fair,
Angelic, ſofteſt Work of Heav'n, draws near
To the cold ſhaking paralytic Hand,
Senſeleſs of Beauty's Touch, or Love's Command,
Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
The Dictates of it's feeble Maſter's Will.

Nought ſhall the Pſaltry, and the Harp avail,
The pleaſing Song, or well repeated Tale;
When the quick Spirits their warm March forbear;
And numbing Coldneſs has unbrae'd the Ear.

The verdant Riſing of the flow'ry Hill,
The Vale enamell'd, and the Cryſtal Rill,
The Ocean rolling, and the ſhelly Shoar,
Beautiful Objects, ſhall delight no more;

When

When the lax'd Sinews of the weaken'd Eye
In wat'ry Damps, or dim Suffuſion lye.
Day follows Night; the Clouds return again
After the falling of the later Rain:
But to the Aged-blind ſhall ne'er return
Grateful Viciſſitude: He ſtill muſt mourn
The Sun, and Moon, and ev'ry Starry Light
Eclips'd to Him, and loſt in everlaſting Night.

Behold where Age's wretched Victim lies:
See his Head trembling, and his half-clos'd Eyes:
Frequent for Breath his panting Boſom heaves:
To broken Sleeps his remnant Senſe He gives;
And only by his Pains, awaking finds He Lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time the Silver Cord
Diſſever'd lies: unhonor'd from the Board
The Cryſtal Urn, when broken, is thrown by;
And apter Utenſils their Place ſupply.
Theſe Things and Thou muſt ſhare One equal Lot;
Dye and be loſt, corrupt and be forgot;
While ſtill another, and another Race
Shall now ſupply, and now give up the Place.
From Earth all came, to Earth muſt all return;
Frail as the Cord, and brittle as the Urn.

But be the Terror of theſe Ills ſuppreſs'd:
And view We Man with Health and Vigor bleſt.

Home.

Home He returns with the declining Sun,
His deſtin'd Task of Labor hardly done;
Goes forth again with the aſcending Ray,
Again his Travel for his Bread to pay,
And find the Ill ſufficient to the Day.
Hap'ly at Night He does with Horror ſhun
A widow'd Daughter, or a dying Son:
His Neighbor's Off-ſpring He To-morrow ſees;
And doubly feels his Want in their Increaſe:
The next Day, and the next he muſt attend
His Foe triumphant, or his buried Friend.
In ev'ry Act and Turn of Life he feels
Public Calamities, or Houſehold Ills:
The due Reward to juſt Deſert refus'd:
The Truſt betray'd, the Nuptial Bed abus'd:
The Judge corrupt, the long depending Cauſe,
And doubtful Iſſue of miſconſtru'd Laws:
The crafty Turns of a diſhoneſt State,
And violent Will of the wrong-doing Great:
The Venom'd Tongue injurious to his Fame,
Which nor can Wiſdom ſhun, nor fair Advice reclaim.

Eſteem We theſe, my Friends, Event and Chance,
Produc'd as Atoms form their flutt'ring Dance?
Or higher yet their Eſſence may We draw
From deſtin'd Order, and Eternal Law?
Again, my Muſe, the cruel Doubt repeat:
Spring they, I ſay, from Accident, or Fate?

Yet

Yet ſuch, We find, they are, as can controll
The ſervile Actions of our wav'ring Soul;
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the Will;
Their Ills all built on Life, that fundamental Ill.

O fatal Search! in which the lab'ring Mind,
Still preſs'd with Weight of Woe, ſtill hopes to find
A Shadow of Delight, a Dream of Peace,
From Years of Pain, one Moment of Releaſe;
Hoping at leaſt She may Her ſelf deceive,
Againſt Experience willing to believe,
Deſirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the Mortal Man, who now at laſt
Has thro' this doleful Vale of Mis'ry paſt;
Who to his deſtin'd Stage has carry'd on
The tedious Load, and laid his Burden down;
Whom the cut Braſs, or wounded Marble ſhows
Victor o'er Life, and all Her Train of Woes.
He happyer yet, who privileg'd by Fate
To ſhorter Labor, and a lighter Weight,
Receiv'd but Yeſterday the Gift of Breath,
Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.
But O! beyond Deſcription happyeſt He,
Who ne'er muſt roll on Life's tumultuous Sea;
Who with bleſs'd Freedom from the gen'ral Doom
Exempt, muſt never force the teeming Womb,
Nor ſee the Sun, nor ſink into the Tomb.

Who breaths, muſt ſuffer; and who thinks, muſt mourn;
And He alone is bleſs'd, who ne'er was born.

" Yet in thy turn, Thou frowning Preacher, hear:
" Are not theſe general Maxims too ſevere?
" Say: cannot Pow'r ſecure it's Owner's Bliſs?
" And is not Wealth the potent Sire of Peace?
" Are Victors bleſs'd with Fame, or Kings with Eaſe?

I tell Thee, Life is but one common Care;
And Man was born to ſuffer, and to fear.

" But is no Rank, no Station, no Degree
" From this contagious Taint of Sorrow free?

None, Mortal, None: Yet in a bolder Strain
Let Me this melancholy Truth maintain:
But hence, Ye Worldly, and Prophane, retire:
For I adapt my Voice, and raiſe my Lyre
To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receiv'd:
Ye ſtill muſt covet Life, and be deceiv'd:
Your very Fear of Death ſhall make Ye try
To catch the Shade of Immortality;
Wiſhing on Earth to linger, and to ſave
Part of it's Prey from the devouring Grave;
To thoſe who may ſurvive Ye, to bequeath
Something entire, in ſpight of Time, and Death;

A fancy'd Kind of Being to retrieve,
And in a Book, or from a Building live.
Falſe Hope! vain Labor! let ſome Ages fly:
The Dome ſhall moulder, and the Volume dye:
Wretches, ſtill taught, ſtill will Ye think it ſtrange,
That all the Parts of this great Fabric change;
Quit their old Station, and Primæval Frame;
And loſe their Shape, their Eſſence, and their Name?

Reduce the Song: our Hopes, our Joys are vain:
Our Lot is Sorrow; and Our Portion Pain.

What Pauſe from Woe, what Hopes of Comfort bring
The Name of Wiſe or Great, of Judge or King?
What is a King? A Man condemn'd to bear
The public Burden of the Nation's Care;
Now crown'd ſome angry Faction to appeaſe;
Now falls a Victim to the People's Eaſe:
From the firſt blooming of his ill-taught Youth,
Nouriſh'd in Flatt'ry, and eſtrang'd from Truth:
At Home ſurrounded by a ſervile Crowd,
Prompt to abuſe, and in Detraction loud:
Abroad begirt with Men, and Swords, and Spears;
His very State acknowledging his Fears:
Marching amidſt a thouſand Guards, He ſhows
His ſecret Terror of a thouſand Foes;
In War however Prudent, Great, or Brave,
To blind Events, and fickle Chance a Slave:

Seeking

Seeking to ſettle what for ever flies;
Sure of the Toil, uncertain of the Prize.

But He returns with Conqueſt on his Brow;
Brings up the Triumph, and abſolves the Vow:
The Captive Generals to his Carr are ty'd:
The Joyful Citizens tumultuous Tyde
Echoing his Glory, gratify his Pride.
What is this Triumph? Madneſs, Shouts, and Noiſe,
One great Collection of the People's Voice.
The Wretches he brings back, in Chains relate,
What may To-morrow be the Victor's Fate.
The Spoils and Trophies born before Him, ſhow
National Loſs, and Epidemic Woe,
Various Diſtreſs, which He and His may know.
Does He not mourn the valiant Thouſands ſlain;
The Heroes, once the Glory of the Plain,
Left in the Conflict of the Fatal Day,
Or the Wolve's Portion, or the Vulture's Prey?
Does He not weep the Lawrel, which he wears,
Wet with the Soldier's Blood, and Widow's Tears?

See, where He comes, the Darling of the War!
See Millions crowding round the gilded Carr!
In the vaſt Joys of this Ecſtatic Hour,
And full Fruition of ſucceſsful Pow'r,
One Moment and one Thought might let Him ſcan
The various Turns of Life, and fickle State of Man.

Are

Are the dire Images of ſad Diſtruſt,
And Popular Change obſcur'd a-mid the Duſt,
That riſes from the Victor's rapid Wheel?
Can the loud Clarion, or ſhrill Fife repel
The inward Cries of Care? can Nature's Voice
Plaintive be drown'd, or leſſen'd in the Noiſe;
Tho' Shouts as Thunder loud afflict the Air;
Stun the Birds now releas'd, and ſhake the Iv'ry Chair?

Yon' Crowd (He might reflect) yon' joyful Crowd,
Pleas'd with my Honors, in my Praiſes loud
(Should fleeting Vict'ry to the Vanquiſh'd go;
Should She depreſs my Arms, and raiſe the Foe)
Would for That Foe with equal Ardor wait
At the high Palace, or the crowded Gate;
With reſtleſs Rage would pull my Statues down;
And caſt the Braſs a-new to His Renown.

O impotent Deſire of Worldly Sway!
That I, who make the Triumph of To-day,
May of To-morrow's Pomp one Part appear,
Ghaſtly with Wounds, and lifeleſs on the Bier!
Then (Vileneſs of Mankind!) then of all Theſe,
Whom my dilated Eye with Labor ſees,
Waſh my pale Body, or bewail my Fate?
Would one, alas! repeat Me Good, or Great?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the Hoſtile Carr,
The Victor's Paſtime, and the Sport of War;

Would

Would One, would One his pitying Sorrow lend,
Or be ſo poor, to own He was my Friend?

Avails it then, O Reaſon, to be wiſe?
To ſee this cruel Scene with quicker Eyes?
To know with more Diſtinction to complain,
And have ſuperior Senſe in feeling Pain?

Let us revolve that Roll with ſtricteſt Eye,
Where ſafe from Time diſtinguiſh'd Actions lye;
And judge if Greatneſs be exempt from Pain,
Or Pleaſure ever may with Pow'r remain.

ADAM, great *Type*, for whom the World was made,
The faireſt Bleſſing to his Arms convey'd,
A charming Wife; and Air, and Sea, and Land,
And all that move therein, to his Command
Render'd obedient: ſay, my Penſive Muſe,
What did theſe golden Promiſes produce?
Scarce taſting Life, He was of Joy bereav'd:
One Day, I think, in PARADISE He liv'd;
Deſtin'd the next His Journey to purſue,
Where wounding Thorns, and curſed Thiſtles grew
E'er yet He earns his Bread, a-down his Brow,
Inclin'd to Earth, his lab'ring Sweat muſt flow:
His Limbs muſt ake, with daily Toils oppreſs'd;
E'er long-wiſh'd Night brings neceſſary Reſt:

Still viewing with Regret his Darling EVE,
He for Her Follies, and His own muſt grieve.
Bewailing ſtill a-freſh their hapleſs Choice;
His Ear oft frighted with the imag'd Voice
Of Heav'n, when firſt it thunder'd; oft his View
A-ghaſt, as when the Infant Light'ning flew;
And the ſtern CHERUB ſtop'd the fatal Road,
Arm'd with the Flames of an Avenging GOD.
His Younger Son on the polluted Ground,
Firſt Fruit of Death, lies Plaintif of a Wound
Giv'n by a Brother's Hand: His Eldeſt Birth
Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a Fugitive o'er Earth.
Yet why theſe Sorrows heap'd upon the Sire,
Becomes nor Man, nor Angel to enquire.

Each Age ſinn'd on; and Guilt advanc'd with Time:
The Son ſtill added to the Father's Crime;
'Till GOD aroſe, and great in Anger ſaid:
Lo! it repenteth Me, that Man was made.
Withdraw thy Light, Thou Sun! be dark, Ye Skies!
And from your deep Abyſs, Ye Waters, riſe!

The frighted Angels heard th' Almighty Lord;
And o'er the Earth from wrathful Viols pour'd
Tempeſts and Storm, obedient to his Word.
Mean time, His Providence to NOAH gave
The Guard of All, that He deſign'd to ſave.

Exempt

Exempt from general Doom the Patriarch ſtood;
Contemn'd the Waves, and triumph'd o'er the Flood.

The Winds fall ſilent; and the Waves decreaſe:
The Dove brings Quiet, and the Olive Peace:
Yet ſtill His Heart does inward Sorrow feel,
Which Faith alone forbids Him to reveal.
If on the backward World his Views are caſt;
'Tis Death diffus'd, and univerſal Waſte.
Preſent (ſad Proſpect!) can He Ought deſcry,
But (what affects his melancholy Eye)
The Beauties of the Antient Fabric loſt,
In Chains of craggy Hill, or Lengths of dreary Coaſt?
While to high Heav'n his pious Breathings turn'd,
Weeping He hop'd, and Sacrificing mourn'd;
When of GOD's Image only Eight He found
Snatch'd from the Wat'ry Grave, and ſav'd from Nations [drown'd;
And of three Sons, the future Hopes of Earth,
The Seed, whence Empires muſt receive their Birth,
One He foreſees excluded Heav'nly Grace,
And mark'd with Curſes, fatal to his Race.

ABRAHAM, Potent Prince, the Friend of GOD,
Of Human Ills muſt bear the deſtin'd Load
By Blood and Battles muſt his Pow'r maintain,
And ſlay the Monarchs, e'er He rules the Plain;
Muſt deal juſt Portions of a ſervile Life
To a proud Handmaid, and a peeviſh Wife;

Muſt with the Mother leave the weeping Son,
In Want to wander, and in Wilds to groan;
Muſt take his other Child, his Age's Hope
To trembling MORIAM's melancholy Top,
Order'd to drench his Knife in filial Blood;
Deſtroy his Heir, or diſobey his GOD.

MOSES beheld that GOD; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant Beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep Abyſs of Light;
While preſent, too ſevere for Human Sight,
Nor ſtaying longer than one ſwift-wing'd Night.
The following Days, and Months, and Years decreed
To fierce Encounter, and to toilſome Deed.
His Youth with Wants and Hardſhips muſt engage:
Plots and Rebellions muſt diſturb his Age.
Some CORAH ſtill aroſe, ſome Rebel Slave,
Prompter to ſink the State, than He to ſave:
And ISRAEL did his Rage ſo far provoke,
That what the God-head wrote, the Prophet broke.
His Voice ſcarce heard, his Dictates ſcarce believ'd,
In Camps, in Arms, in Pilgrimage, He liv'd;
And dy'd obedient to ſevereſt Law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd Land, He ſaw.

My Father's Life was one long Line of Care,
A Scene of Danger, and a State of War.

Alarm'd

Alarm'd, expos'd, his Childhood muſt engage
The Bear's rough Gripe, and foaming Lion's Rage.
By various Turns his threaten'd Youth muſt fear
GOLIAH's lifted Sword, and SAUL's emitted Spear.
Forlorn He muſt, and perſecuted fly;
Climb the ſteep Mountain, in the Cavern lye;
And often ask, and be refus'd to dye.

For ever, from His manly Toils, are known
The Weight of Pow'r, and Anguiſh of a Crown.
What Tongue can ſpeak the reſtleſs Monarch's Woes;
When GOD, and NATHAN were declar'd his Foes?
When ev'ry Object his Offence revil'd,
The Husband murder'd, and the Wife defil'd,
The Parent's Sins impreſs'd upon the dying Child?
What Heart can think the Grief which He ſuſtain'd;
When the King's Crime brought Vengeance on the Land;
And the inexorable Prophet's Voice
Gave Famine, Plague, or War; and bid Him fix his Choice?

He dy'd; and Oh! may no Reflection ſhed
It's poys'nous Venom on the Royal Dead:
Yet the unwilling Truth muſt be expreſs'd;
Which long has labor'd in this penſive Breaſt:
Dying He added to my Weight of Care:
He made Me to his Crimes undoubted Heir:
Left his unfiniſh'd Murder to his Son,
And JOAB's Blood intail'd on JUDAH's Crown.

Young as I was, I haſted to fulfill
The cruel Dictates of my Parent's Will.
Of his fair Deeds a diſtant View I took;
But turn'd the Tube upon his Faults to look;
Forgot his Youth, ſpent in his Country's Cauſe,
His Care of Right, his Rev'rence to the Laws:
But could with Joy his Years of Folly trace,
Broken and old in BATHSHEBA's Embrace;
Could follow Him, where e'er He ſtray'd from Good,
And cite his ſad Example; whilſt I trod
Paths open to Deceit, and track'd with Blood.
Soon docile to the ſecret Acts of Ill,
With Smiles I could betray, with Temper kill:
Soon in a Brother could a Rival view;
Watch all his Acts, and all his Ways purſue.
In vain for Life He to the Altar fled:
Ambition and Revenge have certain Speed.
Ev'n there, My Soul, ev'n there He ſhould have fell;
But that my Intereſt did my Rage conceal.
Doubling my Crime, I promiſe, and deceive;
Purpoſe to ſlay, whilſt ſwearing to forgive.
Treaties, Perſwaſions, Sighs, and Tears are vain:
With a mean Lie curs'd Vengeance I ſuſtain;
Joyn Fraud to Force, and Policy to Pow'r;
'Till of the deſtin'd Fugitive ſecure,
In ſolemn State to Parricide I riſe;
And, as GOD lives, this Day my Brother dies.

Be Witneſs to my Tears, Celeſtial Muſe!
In vain I would forget, in vain excuſe
Fraternal Blood by my Direction ſpilt;
In vain on JOAB's Head transfer the Guilt:
The Deed was acted by the Subject's Hand;
The Sword was pointed by the King's Command.
Mine was the Murder: it was Mine alone;
Years of Contrition muſt the Crime attone:
Nor can my guilty Soul expect Relief,
But from a long Sincerity of Grief.

With an imperfect Hand, and trembling Heart,
Her Love of Truth ſuperior to her Art,
Already the reflecting Muſe has trac'd
The mournful Figures of my Action paſt.
The penſive Goddeſs has already taught,
How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought;
From growing Childhood to declining Age,
How tedious ev'ry Step, how gloomy ev'ry Stage.
This Courſe of Vanity almoſt compleat,
Tir'd in the Field of Life, I hope Retreat
In the ſtill Shades of Death: for Dread and Pain,
And Grief will find their Shafts elanc'd in vain,
And their Points broke, retorted from the Head,
Safe in the Grave, and free among the Dead.

Yet tell Me, frighted Reaſon! what is Death?
Blood only ſtopp'd, and interrupted Breath?

The utmoſt Limit of a narrow Span,
And End of Motion which with Life began?
As Smoke that riſes from the kindling Fires
Is ſeen this Moment, and the next expires:
As empty Clouds by riſing Winds are toſt,
Their fleeting Forms ſcarce ſooner found than loſt:
So vaniſhes our State: ſo paſs our Days:
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! ſo nigh;
To live is ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from to dye.

A Cure of the Miſer's Wiſh, and Coward's Fear,
Death only ſhews Us, what We knew was near.
With Courage therefore view the pointed Hour;
Dread not Death's Anger; but expect his Pow'r;
Nor Nature's Law with fruitleſs Sorrow mourn;
But dye, O Mortal Man! for Thou waſt born.

Cautious thro' Doubt; by Want of Courage, Wiſe,
To ſuch Advice the Reas'ner ſtill replies.

Yet meaſuring all the long continu'd Space,
Ev'ry ſucceſſive Day's repeated Race,
Since Time firſt ſtarted from his priſtin Goal,
Till He had reach'd that Hour, wherein my Soul
Joyn'd to my Body ſwell'd the Womb; I was,
(At leaſt I think ſo) Nothing: muſt I paſs

Again to Nothing, when this vital Breath
Ceaſing, conſigns Me o'er to Reſt, and Death?
Muſt the whole Man, amazing Thought! return
To the cold Marble, or contracted Urn?
And never ſhall thoſe Particles agree,
That were in Life this Individual He?
But ſever'd, muſt They join the general Maſs,
Thro' other Forms, and Shapes ordain'd to paſs;
Nor Thought nor Image kept of what He was?
Does the great Word that gave him Senſe, ordain,
That Life ſhall never wake that Senſe again?
And will no Pow'r his ſinking Spirits ſave
From the dark Caves of Death, and Chambers of the Grave?

Each Evening I behold the ſetting Sun
With down-ward Speed into the Ocean run:
Yet the ſame Light (paſs but ſome fleeting Hours)
Exerts his Vigor, and renews his Pow'rs;
Starts the bright Race again: His conſtant Flame
Riſes and ſets, returning ſtill the Same.
I mark the various Fury of the Winds:
Theſe neither Seaſons guide, nor Order binds:
They now dilate, and now contract their Force:
Various their Speed, but endleſs is their Courſe.
From his firſt Fountain and beginning Ouze,
Down to the Sea each Brook, and Torrent flows:
Tho' ſundry Drops or leave, or ſwell the Stream;
The Whole ſtill runs, with equal Pace, the Same.

Still other Waves ſupply the riſing Urns;
And the eternal Floud no Want of Water mourns.

Why then muſt Man obey the ſad Decree,
Which ſubjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea?

A Flow'r, that does with opening Morn ariſe,
And flouriſhing the Day, at Evening dyes;
A Winged Eaſtern Blaſt, juſt skimming o'er
The Ocean's Brow, and ſinking on the Shore;
A Fire, whoſe Flames thro' crakling Stubble fly;
A Meteor ſhooting from the Summer Sky;
A Bowl a-down the bending Mountain roll'd;
A Bubble breaking, and a Fable told;
A Noon-tide Shadow, and a Mid-night Dream
Are Emblems, which with Semblance apt proclaim
Our Earthly Courſe: But, O my Soul! ſo faſt
Muſt Life run off; and Death for ever laſt?

This dark Opinion, ſure, is too confin'd:
Elſe whence this Hope, and Terror of the Mind?
Does Something ſtill, and Somewhere yet remain,
Reward or Puniſhment, Delight or Pain?
Say: ſhall our Relicks ſecond Birth receive?
Sleep We to wake, and only dye to live?
When the ſad Wife has cloſ'd her Husband's Eyes,
And pierc'd the Echoing Vault with doleful Cries;

Lyes the pale Corps not yet entirely Dead?
The Spirit only from the Body fled,
The groſſer Part of Heat and Motion void,
To be by Fire, or Worm, or Time deſtroy'd;
The Soul, immortal Subſtance, to remain,
Conſcious of Joy, and capable of Pain?
And if Her Acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly Clay She deign'd to dwell;
Shall She with Safety reach her priſtine Seat?
Find her Reſt endleſs, and her Bliſs compleat?
And while the buried Man We idly mourn;
Do Angels joy to ſee His better Half return?
But if She has deform'd this Earthly Life
With murd'rous Rapine, and ſeditious Strife;
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by thoſe Angels driv'n
From the Ætherial Seat, and bliſsful Heav'n,
In everlaſting Darkneſs muſt She lye,
Still more unhappy, that She cannot dye?

Amid Two Seas on One ſmall Point of Land
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd We ſtand:
On either Side our Thoughts inceſſant turn:
Forward We dread; and looking back We mourn.
Loſing the Preſent in this dubious Haſt;
And loſt Our ſelves betwixt the Future, and the Paſt.

Theſe cruel Doubts contending in my Breaſt,
My Reaſon ſtagg'ring, and my Hopes oppreſs'd,

Onc

Once more I ſaid: once more I will enquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious Fire,
This flutt'ring Motion, which We call the Mind?
How does She act? and where is She confin'd?
Have We the Pow'r to guide Her, as We pleaſe?
Whence then thoſe Evils, that obſtruct our Eaſe?
We Happineſs purſue; We fly from Pain;
Yet the Purſuit, and yet the Flight is vain:
And, while poor Nature labors to be bleſt,
By Day with Pleaſure, and by Night with Reſt;
Some ſtronger Pow'r eludes our ſickly Will;
Daſhes our riſing Hope with certain Ill;
And makes Us with reflective Trouble ſee,
That all is deſtin'd, which We fancy free.

That Pow'r ſuperior then, which rules our Mind,
Is His Decree by Human Pray'r inclin'd?
Will He for Sacrifice our Sorrows eaſe?
And can our Tears reverſe His firm Decrees?
Then let Religion aid, where Reaſon fails:
Throw Loads of Incenſe in, to turn the Scales;
And let the ſilent Sanctuary ſhow,
What from the babling Schools We may not know,
How Man may ſhun, or bear his deſtin'd Part of Woe.

What ſhall amend, or what abſolve our Fate?
Anxious We hover in a mediate State,

Betwixt Infinity and Nothing; Bounds,
Or boundleſs Terms, whoſe doubtful Senſe confounds
Unequal Thought; whilſt All We apprehend,
Is, that our Hopes muſt riſe, our Sorrows end;
As our Creator deigns to be our Friend.

I ſaid;——and inſtant bad the Prieſts prepare
The ritual Sacrifice, and ſolemn Pray'r.
Select from vulgar Herds, with Garlands gay,
A hundred Bulls aſcend the Sacred Way.
The artful Youth proceed to form the Choir;
They breath the Flute, or ſtrike the vocal Wire.
The Maids in comely Order next advance;
They beat the Tymbrel, and inſtruct the Dance.
Follows the choſen Tribe from LEVI ſprung,
Chanting by juſt Return the Holy Song.
Along the Choir in Solemn State they paſt,
——The Anxious King came laſt.
The Sacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd Vow
I paid; and bowing at the Altar low,

Father of Heav'n! I ſaid, and Judge of Earth!
Whoſe Word call'd out this Univerſe to Birth;
By whoſe kind Pow'r and influencing Care
The various Creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceaſing once that Care, withdrawn that Pow'r,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:

Omni-ſcient Maſter, Omni-preſent King,
To Thee, to Thee, my laſt Diſtreſs I bring.

Thou, that can'ſt Still the Raging of the Seas,
Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempeſts ceaſe;
Redeem my ſhip-wreck'd Soul from raging Guſts
Of cruel Paſſion, and deceitful Luſts:
From Storms of Rage, and dang'rous Rocks of Pride,
Let Thy ſtrong Hand this little Veſſel guide
(It was Thy Hand that made it) thro' the Tide
Impetuous of this Life: let Thy Command
Direct my Courſe, and bring me ſafe to Land.

If, while this weary'd Fleſh draws fleeting Breath,
Not ſatisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death,
It hap'ly be Thy Will, that I ſhould know
Glimpſe of Delight, or Pauſe from anxious Woe;
From *Now*, from inſtant *Now*, great Sire, diſpell
The Clouds that preſs my Soul; from *Now* reveal
A gracious Beam of Light; from *Now* inſpire
My Tongue to ſing, my Hand to touch the Lyre:
My open'd Thought to joyous Proſpects raiſe;
And, for Thy Mercy, let me ſing Thy Praiſe.
Or, if Thy Will ordains, I ſtill ſhall wait
Some New *Here-after*, and a future State;
Permit me Strength, my Weight of Woe to bear;
And raiſe my Mind ſuperior to my Care.

Let Me, howe'er unable to explain
The ſecret Lab'rynths of Thy Ways to Man,
With humble Zeal confeſs Thy awful Pow'r;
Still weeping Hope, and wond'ring ſtill Adore.
So in my Conqueſt be Thy Might declar'd:
And, for Thy Juſtice, be Thy Name rever'd.

My Pray'r ſcarce ended, a ſtupendous Gloom
Darkens the Air; loud Thunder ſhakes the Dome:
To the beginning Miracle ſucceed
An awful Silence, and religious Dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common Day:
The ſacred Wood, which on the Altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted glows——
Ambroſial Odor, ſuch as never flows
From ARAB's Gum, or the SABÆAN Roſe,
Does round the Air evolving Scents diffuſe:
The holy Ground is wet with Heav'nly Dews:
Celeſtial Muſic (ſuch JESSIDES' Lyre,
Such MIRIAM's Timbrel would in vain require)
Strikes to my Thought thro' my admiring Ear,
With Ecſtaſy too fine, and Pleaſure hard to bear.
And lo! what ſees my raviſh'd Eye? what feels
My wond'ring Soul? an opening Cloud reveals
An Heav'nly Form embody'd and array'd
With Robes of Light. I heard: the Angel ſaid:

Ceaſe,

Ceaſe, Man of Woman born, to hope Relief
From daily Trouble, and continu'd Grief.
Thy Hope of Joy deliver to the Wind:
Suppreſs thy Paſſions; and prepare thy Mind.
Free and familiar with Misfortune grow:
Be us'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to Woe.
By weak'ning Toil, and hoary Age o'ercome,
See thy Decreaſe; and haſten to thy Tomb.
Leave to thy Children Tumult, Strife, and War,
Portions of Toil, and Legacies of Care.
Send the Succeſſive Ills thro' Ages down;
And let each weeping Father tell his Son,
That deeper ſtruck, and more diſtinctly griev'd,
He muſt augment the Sorrows He receiv'd.

The Child to whoſe Succeſs thy Hope is bound,
E'er thou art ſcarce Interr'd, or he is Crown'd;
To Luſt of Arbitrary Sway inclin'd
(That curſed Poyſon to the Prince's Mind!)
Shall from thy Dictates and his Duty rove,
And loſe his great Defence, his People's Love.
Ill Counſell'd, Vanquiſh'd, Fugitive, Diſgrac'd
Shall mourn the Fame of JACOB's Strength effac'd;
Shall ſigh, the King diminiſh'd, and the Crown
With leſſen'd Rays deſcending to his Son.
Shall ſee the Wreaths, His Grandſire knew to reap
By active Toil, and Military Sweat,

Pining

Pining incline their ſickly Leaves, and ſhed
Their falling Honors from His giddy Head.
By Arms, or Pray'r unable to aſſwage
Domeſtic Horror, and inteſtine Rage,
Shall from the Victor, and the Vanquiſh'd fear,
From ISRAEL's Arrow, and from JUDAH's Spear:
Shall caſt his weary'd Limbs on JORDAN's Floud,
By Brother's Arms diſturb'd, and ſtain'd with Kindred-Blood.

Hence lab'ring Years ſhall weep their deſtin'd Race
Charg'd with ill Omens, ſully'd with Diſgrace.
Time by Neceſſity compell'd, ſhall go
Thro' Scenes of War, and Epocha's of Woe.
The Empire leſſen'd in a parted Stream,
Shall loſe it's Courſe———
Indulge thy Tears: the Heathen ſhall blaſpheme:
JUDAH ſhall fall, oppreſs'd by Grief and Shame;
And Men ſhall from her Ruins know her Fame.

New ÆGYPTS yet, and ſecond Bonds remain,
A harſher PHARAOH, and a heavyer Chain.
Again obedient to a dire Command,
Thy Captive Sons ſhall leave the promis'd Land:
Their Name more low, their Servitude more vile,
Shall, on EUPHRATES' Bank, renew the Grief of NILE.

Theſe pointed Spires that wound the ambient Sky,
Inglorious Change! ſhall in Deſtruction lye

Low'

Low, levell'd with the Duſt; their Heights unknown,
Or meaſur'd by their Ruin. Yonder Throne,
For laſting Glory built, deſign'd the Seat
Of Kings for ever bleſt, for ever great,
Remov'd by the Invader's barb'rous Hand,
Shall grace his Triumph in a foreign Land.
The Tyrant ſhall demand yon' ſacred Load
Of Gold and Veſſels ſet a-part to GOD,
Then by vile Hands to common Uſe debas'd;
Shall ſend them flowing round his drunken Feaſt,
With ſacrilegious Taunt, and impious Jeſt.

Twice fourteen Ages ſhall their Way complete:
Empires by various Turns ſhall riſe and ſet;
While Thy abandon'd Tribes ſhall only know
A diff'rent Maſter, and a Change of Woe:
With down-caſt Eye-lids, and with Looks a-ghaſt,
Shall dread the Future, or bewail the Paſt.

Afflicted ISRAEL ſhall ſit weeping down,
Faſt by the Streams, where BABEL's Waters run;
Their Harps upon the neighb'ring Willows hung,
Nor joyous Hymn encouraging their Tongue,
Nor chearful Dance their Feet; with Toil oppreſs'd,
Their weary'd Limbs aſpiring but to Reſt.
In the reflective Stream the ſighing Bride,
Viewing her Charms impair'd, abaſh'd ſhall hide

Her penſive Head; and in her languid Face
The Bridegroom ſhall fore-ſee his ſickly Race:
While pond'rous Fetters vex their cloſe Embrace.
With irkſome Anguiſh then your Prieſts ſhall mourn
Their long-neglected Feaſts deſpair'd Return,
And ſad Oblivion of their ſolemn Days.
Thenceforth their Voices They ſhall only raiſe,
Louder to weep. By Day your frighted Seers
Shall call for Fountains to expreſs their Tears;
And wiſh their Eyes were Flouds: by Night from Dreams
Of opening Gulphs, black Storms, and raging Flames,
Starting amaz'd, ſhall to the People ſhow
Emblems of Heav'nly Wrath, and Myſtic Types of Woe.

The Captives, as their Tyrant ſhall require,
That They ſhould breath the Song, and touch the Lyre,
Shall ſay: can JACOB's ſervile Race rejoice,
Untun'd the Muſic, and diſus'd the Voice?
What can We play (They ſhall diſcourſe) how ſing
In foreign Lands, and to a Barb'rous King?
We and our Fathers from our Childhood bred
To watch the cruel Victor's Eye, to dread
The arbitrary Laſh, to bend, to grieve
(Out-caſt of Mortal Race!) can We conceive
Image of ought delightful, ſoft, or gay?
Alas! when We have toyl'd the longſome Day;
The fulleſt Bliſs our Hearts aſpire to know,
Is but ſome Interval from active Woe;

In

In broken Reſt, and ſtartling Sleep to mourn;
'Till Morn, the Tyrant, and the Scourge return.
Bred up in Grief, can Pleaſure be our Theme?
Our endleſs Anguiſh does not Nature claim?
Reaſon, and Sorrow are to Us the Same.
Alas! with wild Amazement We require,
If Idle Folly was not Pleaſure's Sire:
Madneſs, We fancy, gave an Ill-tim'd Birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.

This is the Series of perpetual Woe,
Which Thou, alas! and Thine are born to know.
Illuſtrious Wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not, what Heav'n ordains, with Reaſon's Eye;
Too bright the Object is: the Diſtance is too high.
The Man who would reſolve the Work of Fate,
May limit Number, and make Crooked Strait:
Stop Thy Enquiry then; and curb Thy Senſe;
Nor let Duſt argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis GOD who muſt diſpoſe, and Man ſuſtain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy Sum of Life muſt His Decrees fulfill:
What derogates from His Command, is Ill;
And that alone is Good, which centers in His Will.

Yet that thy Lab'ring Senſes may not droop,
Loſt to Delight, and deſtitute of Hope;

Re-

Remark what I, GOD's Meſſenger, aver
From Him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
The Land at length redeem'd, ſhall ceaſe to mourn;
Shall from her ſad Captivity return.
SION ſhall raiſe her long-dejected Head;
And in her Courts the Law again be read.
Again the glorious Temple ſhall ariſe,
And with new Luſtre pierce the neighb'ring Skies.
The promis'd Seat of Empire ſhall again
Cover the Mountain, and command the Plain:
And from Thy Race diſtinguiſh'd, ONE ſhall ſpring,
Greater in Act than Victor, more than King
In Dignity and Pow'r, ſent down from Heav'n,
To ſuccour Earth. To HIM, to HIM 'tis giv'n,
Paſſion, and Care, and Anguiſh to deſtroy.
Thro' HIM ſoft Peace, and Plenitude of Joy
Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd ſhall flow.
No more may Man inquire, nor Angel know.

Now, SOLOMON, rememb'ring Who thou art,
Act thro' thy remnant Life the decent Part.
Go forth: Be ſtrong: With Patience, and with Care
Perform, and Suffer: To Thy ſelf ſevere,
Gracious to Others, Thy Deſires ſuppreſs'd,
Diffus'd Thy Virtues, Firſt of Men, be Beſt.
Thy Sum of Duty let Two Words contain;
O may they graven in thy Heart remain!

Be Humble, and be Juſt. The Angel ſaid:
With upward Speed His agil Wings He ſpread;
Whilſt on the holy Ground I proſtrate lay.
By various Doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful Look
Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I ſpoke;

Supreme, Allwiſe, Eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, Sole Diſpoſer of our Fate!
Enthron'd in Light, and Immortality,
Whom no Man fully ſees, and none can ſee!
Original of Beings! Pow'r Divine!
Since that I Live, and that I Think, is Thine;
Benign Creator, let Thy plaſtic Hand
Diſpoſe it's own Effect. Let Thy Command
Reſtore, Great Father, Thy Inſtructed Son;
And in My Act may THY great WILL BE DONE.

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THE

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